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'POINTS OF CHALLENGE'

Jesse Jackson is not a man of modest moods. Unlike most defeated candidates for high office, he will not retire to a safe seat or a fair haven and abandon the base he lately wooed and the life he led. He races to a thousand "points of challenge": machinists' picket lines, an Alabama Congressional district where a black activist was running in a special election. It is in such situations, he believes, that ordinary citizens can learn to cross the barriers of race and class that have isolated them from power.

The several roles Jackson plays are not always complementary. As the most visible and vocal Democratic leader, he is responsible for keeping his ragged party going—and his own position viable. As the leader of the progressive left, he must advance its standing and enlarge its clout. And as the leader of the black movement, he must see that its interests are not subverted by his other allegiances.

The difficulties are painfully clear in Chicago, where Jackson has endorsed a black independent, Timothy Evans, in the three-way mayoral race against Democrat Richard Daley (son of the late Boss) and Republican Edward Vrdolyak. White Democrats accuse Jackson of deserting the party—a charge they muted in 1987 when Daley himself backed an independent against a black Democratic mayoral nominee, the late Harold Washington. The pols are also eager to create a split between Jackson and his former adviser, Ron Brown, who as Democratic National Committee chair is expected to campaign for Daley. And still the big party contributors are (publicly) withholding their gifts because of Brown's past positions and his suspected loyalty to Jackson.

Jackson can't "win" in Chicago (Evans doesn't have much of a chance), but at this stage of the game meeting challenges and taking stands *is* a kind of winning.

McCLOY AS 'WISE MAN'
Max Holland

MISSING PEOPLE
Alexander Cockburn

THE A.C.L.U. AFTER BUSH'S SMEAR
James Ledbetter

THE BAR GIRLS OF SUBIC BAY
Saundra Sturdevant

'BILLY BATHGATE'
John Leonard

ANDY WARHOL
Arthur C. Danto

TAKING AIM AT THE N.R.A.

HOW CITIZENS CAN BEAT THE GUN LOBBY

RICHARD W. BRUNER

Suddenly, the National Rifle Association is on the defensive. More and more, politicians across the country, outraged by guns rampant and a soaring murder rate in the cities, are facing the withering financial firepower of the N.R.A. lobby without flinching. "You've got to be willing to stand up and take them on," says John Russo, president of the New Jersey State Senate. "The polls that we run show that most people favor gun control. If we can beat them in a major confrontation, it's going to send out the message that they're a paper tiger."

Russo, a former law-and-order prosecutor, has introduced a bill to make ownership of handguns illegal in his state. New Jersey already has the toughest gun control law in the nation, which requires a gun buyer to apply to the local police department for a purchase permit, a procedure that can sometimes take more than ninety days. The N.R.A. has rented an office across the street from the state capitol in Trenton and intends to wage a heavy campaign against Russo's bill.

But even with 2.8 million members and a $70 million annual budget ($12 million for lobbying), the N.R.A. can't count on winning anymore. On March 13, California's Legislature became the first to pass a bill prohibiting the manufacture, possession or sale of semiautomatic guns—despite fierce opposition by the association. And the next day, President Bush banned imports of semiautomatic assault rifles. His decision reversed the

(*Continued on Page 448*)

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LETTERS.

GROTESQUERIE

New York City

I find it grotesque and in the worst possible taste to see in the March 13 issue of *The Nation* a pun by John Leonard linking Shiite and shit ["'Who Has the Best Tunes?'"]. I very much doubt that similar scatological puns could be perpetrated on other religious or ethnic groups. There's some explaining to be done. *Edward W. Said*

Edward Said may be right that Americans insult Moslems more readily than they do members of other religious and ethnic groups, but we don't see John Leonard's essay on Salman Rushdie's The Satanic Verses *as an instance of that. One of Leonard's virtues as a reviewer is that he puns without regard to race, creed or color.*

TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP OUT?

Madison, Wis.

It is perhaps ironic that Jackson Lears ends his generally favorable review of Mark Crispin Miller's *Boxed In: The Culture of TV* ["Deride and Conquer," Jan. 9/16] by jumping aboard Pee-Wee Herman's wagon. Lears seems to be saying that in spite of Miller's powerful critique, the postmodernists may be on to something after all, namely that "chairs that talk" and "cows that give chocolate milk" are the stuff of which subversion is made. While Lears celebrates this circus as a return to the "animated universe of early childhood," others would see it as a continuation of stupefaction by other means.

As noted by Ariel Dorfman in *The Empire's Old Clothes*, and alluded to by Miller, one of the principal products of American popular culture (which is not really in any sense *by* the people) is "the infantilization of the adult." This process, among other things, helps to create and foster the development of political and economic consumers, and engenders an innocence in the population that has allowed for the general acceptance of the building of the empire.

While Pee-Wee Herman is no Ollie North, his antics serve at best to amuse kids who long for the increasingly weird, and postmodernists who tire of turning channels in search of maximum irony. For the rest of us, it may still be that the most subversive activity of all is to encourage the act of massive nonviewing. *Michael Murray*

LEARS REPLIES

Falls Church, Va.

I know you are but what am I?

Jackson Lears

LITTLE TALCOTT MAKES BIG

Washington

Jon Wiener's "Bringing Nazi Sympathizers to the U.S." [March 6]—with its account of Talcott Parsons' baleful role—did not, alas, quite surprise me. I was a graduate student in sociology at Harvard from 1947 through 1952, and a student of Parsons. The events Wiener describes have to be set in the context of Parsons' life and of the imperial Harvard of the period.

Parsons was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman who had been a missionary in Japan and later the president of a Midwestern college. He led the life of a scholar, fully immersed in his own writing, in the administration of a department, in the busy work of the academic community. At the time of his recruiting trip to Europe, he was emerging as the most eminent sociological theorist of his generation. He was also quite decent to his students, and—interestingly—quite indignant at the Regents of the University of California for imposing a loyalty oath on their professors. Perhaps, however, injured professorial pride was at stake. Parsons certainly identified completely with the postwar consensus and its ideology: His lectures on American society were full of references to openness and mobility, but not to problems of racism or sexism. He was quite proud of having ascended to senior status at Harvard, pleased to be living in the distinctively middle-class suburb of Belmont (his next-door neighbor was the egregious Walt Rostow) and rendered rather uncomfortable by the suggestion that, possibly, there were other ways of looking at our society and at societies in general. Mention of the thought of C. Wright Mills raised his metabolic rate appreciably. Why would this quintessentially academic Midwesterner, curiously remote from the high style of postwar Cambridge but not in Europe a provincial (he'd studied in Germany between the wars and certainly had no sympathy for Nazism), put himself so unquestioningly at the service of the U.S. imperial apparatus at its most sordid?

One reason is that he was leading his new Department of Social Relations, which combined sociology with social anthropology and the clinical and social components of psychology, in a struggle for university and national status. The Russian Research Center was in many ways close to that department. Its first director was the anthropologist Clyde Kluckhohn, who was burdened with knowledge of neither Russian history nor language. (He had not even been a Communist or Marxist, as far as I know.) The center's first research project, an analysis of Soviet society on the basis of interviews with former Soviet citizens, was intended to prove the value (and the market value in the universe of foundations and government agencies) of supposedly newer techniques of social inquiry.

Kluckhohn was a rather interesting figure, a first-rate anthropologist who had done studies of Japanese culture at wartime distance for the government, a habitué of foundations and government agencies, a commuter to Washington. I suspect that Parsons liked the thought that he, too, could have a part of that sort of action. (Alternatively, he could not have proposed bombarding the Soviet Union with thousands of copies of his very heavy tome, *The Structure of Social Action*—which would have been cheaper than the first generation of atomic weapons and, in its own way, as devastating.) In other words, he was tempted out of his academic domesticity by the thought of real adventure.

Something else was at stake as well. In the Harvard of 1948, intellectual prestige rested with figures like Perry Miller and Joseph Schumpeter and Willard von Quine. Political and social prestige, per contra, was with the economists, lawyers, political scientists and physicists who were working with the government. (Our local Representative was John F. Kennedy.) The intellectual claims of Parsons and his colleagues met with considerable skepticism from others. (I once heard him declare to an astonished Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who had asked him what he and his department were doing, that they were "splitting the sociological atom.") The Russian Research Center project was an effort to break into the universe of national policy. It must have seemed a good deal more exciting than another project Parsons launched at the same time, a banal study of the occupational choices of students in a Newton, Massachusetts, school.

Parsons' behavior, then, was perhaps a desperate effort to overcome what might have been a profound inner doubt or fear—that his grand sociological theory was of little interest, or use, to the world.

One of my contemporaries in graduate school was Henry Kissinger. He was even one of the teaching fellows whose work I coordinated in a post of stratospheric dignity, head teaching fellow in a large course. Henry patronized all of us (including the professor, Sam Beer, who had given him the job). He did not say so, but his patient smile of superiority as we argued about history, politics and values betrayed his thoughts. We were going to write books, become heads of departments, speak at scholarly meetings. He had his eye on other, bigger things. In the imperial Harvard of the postwar world, thought counted for little: One understands Parsons' motives. He did not want his colleagues smiling patronizingly at him.

As for Jon Wiener's view that this will restart the debate about a value-free social science, I doubt it. That belief is held these days only by some positivistic sectarians. Intellectual life has moved on. We are all interpreters now. That, however, is another story.

Norman Birnbaum

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please.

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EDITORIALS.

Much Has Changed

"We, who are sitting here together and seeking a compromise, we are the most dangerous enemies of the champions of the status quo." With those words, Yossi Sarid, a left-wing member of Israel's Knesset, addressed a mid-March New York City gathering of Palestinians and Israelis united by their support for talks between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization and for a two-state solution. At the same time, one such champion, Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Arens, was in Washington meeting with top officials of the Administration to prepare for Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's April visit. Rhetoric aside, the fundamental difference between the world views of official Washington and Jerusalem and those of the P.L.O. mainstream, the Israeli opposition and most of the rest of the world could not have been clearer.

"Nothing has changed," Shamir asserted recently. "The

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Arabs are the same Arabs, with twenty-three states. The Jews are the same Jews, with only one state. The sea is the same sea. And the intention is the same: the destruction of Israel." True, the sea is a constant. But since last fall's rush of historic events—the Palestinian Declaration of Independence, the meeting of Yasir Arafat with American Jewish leaders, the decision by the outgoing Administration to open talks with the P.L.O.—much has changed.

This was readily apparent at the New York conference, sponsored by *New Outlook* and *Al-Fajr*, which came on the heels of similar meetings in Prague, Paris, the Hague and Oxford, England. Thirty Israelis, including four members of the Knesset, and some twenty Palestinians, including an official P.L.O. delegation, held three days of talks that were unprecedented in their candor and seriousness. The participants treated the idea of a Palestine in the West Bank and Gaza Strip as a given, focusing to a large degree on the practical problem of convincing the Israeli public that the two states could coexist. While 54 percent of Israelis say they would support talks with the P.L.O. if it renounces terror and recognizes Israel, only 17 percent believe those conditions have already been met.

The willingness of the P.L.O. representatives to spell out their feelings on such hard issues as a "right of return" for Palestinians and the future of Jewish settlements in the occupied territories gave the Israelis much to assuage their compatriots' fears. Nabil Shaath, head of the P.L.O. group, explained that Palestinian refugees must be allowed to return to the new state and that freedom of movement between it and Israel must be maintained; but he stressed that no "massive influx that will upset the demographic balance of Israel" was intended. And though he insisted that lands expropriated for Jewish settlements would have to be given up—a plan sure to provoke deep division in Israel—Jewish settlers could continue to live in what he saw as a "predominantly" Palestinian state. Most important, he affirmed that the P.L.O. was seeking a permanent peace with Israel, and that any designs on a "two-stage" strategy aimed at Israel's annihilation had been repudiated.

In Washington, Arens was playing for time, hoping that the United States will soon lose interest, as it has in the past, in pushing for a settlement. The 1982 Reagan plan, Carter's 1977 declaration of support for a "Palestinian homeland," the 1969 Rogers plan—these were either, depending on how you read them, sops to international opinion or sincere but bungled efforts. Israel waited them out by feigning flexibility, sugar-coating its obstinate refusal to face its central adversary. It would be impolitic for Israel to oppose peace talks entirely, so Arens now insists on negotiating with Jordan while excluding the P.L.O.—ironically, a misguided strategy his Likud Party resisted when Labor's Shimon Peres, its architect, was in charge from 1984 to 1986. Shamir has been equally nimble, agreeing to a limited role for the Soviet Union in convening negotiations along with the United States, and calling for Camp David–style autonomy for West Bank and Gaza Palestinians, both positions that he loudly opposed when they were live options.

Such stalling tactics have an ally in the fumbling Bush Administration. Like Shamir, Bush and Secretary of State James Baker 3d are trying to postpone the inevitable consequences of the U.S. opening to the P.L.O. Though the latest State Department report on human rights sharply criticized the "substantial increase in human rights violations" by Israel in the past year, the United States was swift to play it down in February by vetoing a U.N. Security Council resolution condemning Israeli practices. Confusing signals have also been sent to the Palestinians. After hinting that Palestinian guerrilla operations in Israeli-occupied southern Lebanon might stop U.S.-P.L.O. talks, Baker drew back. Instead, according to *The New York Times*, the P.L.O. was warned that Baker "would know terrorism when he saw it." This standard is so loose that when Israeli jets bombed a guerrilla base southeast of Beirut and hit a nearby elementary school, wounding twenty-three children, the State Department condemned both sides.

Into this brew the Administration has now leaked some proposals to "ease tensions" in the occupied territories. The United States seeks a halt in violent demonstrations in the territories, an end to cross-border raids from Lebanon and a cessation of the distribution of "inflammatory literature." In exchange, the Palestinians are expected to welcome Bush's call on Israel to release "some" of the Palestinians arrested during the *intifada*, reopen schools and end or limit the practice of administrative detention. While Arens was noncommittal, the Palestinians *and* Israelis at the New York conference rightfully criticized these so-called confidence-building measures as missing the central point: The root causes of Palestinian dissatisfaction—statelessness and occupation—must be addressed. Otherwise, Bush's current proposals can only give the Israelis encouragement to wait out the uprising. And what the New York meeting showed is that when basic Palestinian rights are acknowledged, much progress can be made.

Tortoise?

Dick Cheney, the all-but-confirmed nominee for Secretary of Defense, has a reputation for "pragmatism" not immediately apparent from his 100 rating by the American Conservative Union and his 0 rating by the Americans for Democratic Action. Or from his desire to repeal the War Powers Act, his affection for covert foreign policy adventures and his support for Star Wars. In fact, Cheney's "pragmatism" is mostly a matter of voting the New Right line while maintaining reasonably cordial relations with the press and the Democratic majority.

"He never met a weapons system he didn't like," sighs David Johnson, director of research at the Center for Defense Information. "But he is, as they say, 'adapting to the new environment.'" This, of course, is the Gorbachevian world of strategic redefinition and declining defense budgets.

But will Cheney, White House chief of staff for President Gerald Ford and a six-term Representative from MX country, come to understand the new realities, not just adopt the

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rhetoric of the new environment? Probably not. Never known for political creativity, Cheney is likely to defer to national security adviser Brent Scowcroft on strategic issues. Scowcroft, like George Bush himself, responds to Gorbachev like a state-of-the-art tortoise. Cheney himself seems every bit the plodder also—maybe even a hard-shelled cold warrior.

Cheney must cut the defense budget, or at least seem to. Real cuts involve reducing and restructuring the armed forces, which ought to be part and parcel of strategic rethinking. In the past two years, the armed services have stretched out weapons programs over longer production and deployment times rather than laying plans to get by on less. If Cheney is unlikely to offer much fresh thinking on the subject of how U.S. forces should be deployed throughout the world, he is also unlikely to have a vision of what an even slightly smaller military-industrial complex might look like. In terms of budget leadership, Cheney is likely to be even more diminutive than John Tower.

Cheney is only the latest Bush appointee who emerged into public life during the Ford interregnum. Bush, Scowcroft and Cheney all proved themselves to the national policy-making elites by running a caretaker Administration. Such Administrations simply run the government while waiting for the powers that be to reorganize themselves and reach consensus. Perhaps Cheney's appointment is a sign that Bush is choosing—or is being forced—to run another caretaker Administration. Meanwhile, Gorbachev's policies continue to dissolve the ideological glue holding together postwar political alignments. With hopeful signs like pluralism in Poland and independent initiatives in Central America, it's no time for a tortoise in the Pentagon.

John J. McCloy

The death on March 11 of John J. McCloy, at age 93, means that all the leading men who forged an American foreign policy out of the crucible of World War II are gone. The Dean Achesons, Robert Lovetts and Averell Harrimans came into power under Franklin Roosevelt, and in one capacity or another advised every subsequent President until Ronald Reagan. It is altogether fitting that McCloy outlasted the rest. He didn't have Acheson's flair, Lovett's intellect or Harriman's money. But he was extraordinarily tenacious and had an unerring sense of the fundamental issues. These qualities, and McCloy's desire to be at the center of power, made Presidents turn to him whenever there was a postwar crisis, regardless of venue. In turn, this constant proximity made McCloy a sought-after liaison between the political and economic worlds.

In one sense, McCloy's death marks the end of an era. But the legacy he and his peers left behind is still very much alive, especially their main creation, the national security state. If a date can be affixed to the beginning of this fortress mentality, it is probably February 19, 1942, when President Roosevelt initiated the internment of Japanese-Americans in the West. This subordination of law to the expedience of "national security" runs like a common thread between 1942 and the recent ignominy perpetrated by a lieutenant colonel operating out of the White House basement.

McCloy and his cohorts were often referred to as the "wise men." But wisdom did not always inform their efforts to shape a new world. Trained in finance and law, they understood Europe best and were able to construct a classic, sphere-of-influence order there after the devastating war. "You don't interfere with our efforts to keep Communists out of power in Italy and France," they said to the Eastern bloc, "and we won't challenge you when you crush uprisings, although we might try to instigate a few." Germany, as always, was the fulcrum, and it was here that McCloy played his most important role, as High Commissioner, from 1949 to 1952. As much as any American, McCloy godfathered Bonn's turn to the West. But it wasn't until 1961, when the Berlin wall rose and the West did nothing, that the cost of this alliance became painfully clear: division, as far as the eye could see.

McCloy and his fellow wise men were at their worst when it came to that other realm that emerged after 1945, the Third World. Perhaps it was their status as an elite that blinded them so to the indigenous and popular nature of the struggles in China, Korea, Vietnam and Iran. In the case of McCloy, a Rooseveltian conception (Theodore's, not Franklin's) of the U.S. role in the world made him a partner to some of the nation's most ill-fated postwar ventures. As a lawyer, he prided himself on his objectivity; but he proved that ideology is more powerful than "objective" facts. And so the United States is still hamstrung by its inability to live with revolution or to tolerate independence.

The wise men also failed to appreciate that a decline in the relative power of the United States was inevitable and that a time would come when the country would have neither the political will nor the financial means to underwrite its imperial overreach. The Soviet Union seems to have recognized these facts for itself, but in the United States the air is filled with self-congratulations for winning the cold war.

In his later years, McCloy was fixated on the decision-making process. In contrast to the gentlemanly manners common during the Periclean age of American foreign policy-making in the 1940s and 1950s, Washington had become a hotbed of intrigue and rivalries. Inconstancy worried McCloy, almost as much as investigative reporters. He saw no new generation of Wall Street lawyers to pass the torch to, as Henry Stimson had handed it to him in 1945. The best and the brightest seemed to be much more interested in making money than in exercising power. Above all, McCloy lamented the passing of bipartisanship, the cloak under which foreign policy had been conducted by a few like-minded men for years.

But the days of such elites are gone. Bipartisanship was among the casualties of the rice paddies of Vietnam, and that's all to the good.

MAX HOLLAND

Max Holland, a contributing editor of The Nation, *is writing a biography of John J. McCloy.*

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Them

The general and tendential laws of coverage of the machinists' strike against Eastern and of the struggle of the popular movement in El Salvador are remarkably similar.* Take the notion of "the public." In mainstream press reports of the strike something called "the public" is gravely inconvenienced. This public is interviewed at airports and tends to be traveling to Florida for the family's first vacation in twenty-one years on tickets purchased by the accumulated life savings of the grandmother—now in an emergency room fighting for life after being insulted by a picket; tended by relatives who, after six days without food or water in a waiting room at the Atlanta airport, "just want to go home."

This same public does not include families of machinists thrown out of work by Frank Lorenzo's asset-stripping strategies. When Lorenzo closed down Eastern's Kansas City hub operation back in September, some 4,000 workers were inconvenienced but somehow failed to make the "member of the public" status necessary to earn sympathetic coverage.

Now take this "public" in its incarnation as "the people of El Salvador." They live on a plane too ethereal for precise description. They "fear a return to the bad old days"; "some 70,000 of them have been claimed by a war seemingly without end"; they shun "extremes of left and right" and display "continuing enthusiasm for the right to vote." The only thing "the people of El Salvador" most emphatically fail to be are, precisely, people—in the form of army torturers, guerrillas, labor organizers, student leaders, members of different classes whose needs and aspirations are mutually antagonistic. "The people" do not belong to classes. Like the "public," they are victims seen mostly in long shot. "Some 40,000 of them died in the violence of the early 1980s," as opposed to some 40,000 of them were murdered by the army and the death squads of plainclothes Treasury Police, rural landowners and businessmen, with many of their names appearing on lists circulated between police and security agencies not only in El Salvador but also in the United States.

Union Label

Union members here, like F.M.L.N. members in El Salvador, lead a nebulous existence so far as the mainstream press is concerned. "Organized labor" actually amounts to about 17 million men and women, whose hopes and deeds receive attention sometimes when they strike, always when the A.F.L.-C.I.O. musters for its annual meeting in Florida or when an election year raises questions about the union vote. The old-fashioned "labor correspondent," who at least knew one union from another (though performed the essential class function of extolling "moderates" at the expense of "extremists"), is a thing of the past.

The only other way union members get noticed is if they are in Poland or belong to the teamsters, who occupy a position in bourgeois demonology at level with Qaddafi, just below the Ayatollah. With traditional coverage of the teamsters we can widen the mainstream press to include most so-called liberal or even left publications, applauding the RICO statute because, at least for now, it is going after them and not us. That Walesa is alive and Hoffa dead can be celebrated without drawing any unpalatable conclusions.

No reporter talks to union people before a crisis, as, years ago in the case of the machinists, when Charles Bryant and others in the Miami local were pointing out that the truly lethal blows to Eastern were being struck by Frank Borman, who bought the wrong planes, resisted all reasoned negotiation and then, out of pure vengeance against the union, railroaded his board into making a deal with Lorenzo that should, in a more just society, have landed him in the courts instead of handing him the golden parachute that conveyed him to well-heeled retirement.

Union people are "intransigent" when they resist demands to surrender first their standard of living won over years of bargaining, then their jobs. It's the same with the people in the F.M.L.N., who get noticed when they blow things up or shoot mayors who've assisted murderers in the army advised by U.S. soldiers and maintained by U.S. taxpayers. The F.M.L.N. as described in the mainstream press is outside history, in a universe of ambushes or "ploys." Against it are ranged "the people," and a spacious retinue of "moderates": Ungo and Zamora, who would not survive ten feet beyond the stairway of the plane landing them at the airport in San Salvador were it not for the political space won them by the military tenacity of the F.M.L.N. but who supposedly "seek to distance themselves from the violence of their erstwhile allies"; the great moderate himself, Duarte; and now "Fredy" Cristiani of the newly discovered "moderate wing" of Arena, conjured into being from d'Aubuisson's rib and earnestly seeking to put behind it "the bad old days," which are, on inspection, as recent as yesterday and as imminent as tomorrow.

Cristiani is "Georgetown-educated," therefore moderate by definition, even though his party has called for total war. Members of the F.M.L.N. are "Marxists," therefore "extremists" by definition, though they have offered to give up armed struggle and integrate into an electoral process without prior power sharing, demanding only postponed elections, a scaled-down army and trial of death squad leaders.

Because the United States has no idea what to do about it, the F.M.L.N. plan becomes, in the phraseology of the embassy briefing officers, a "ploy"—to be distinguished from the manly "offers" made by Duarte and the armed forces, which are said to have "caught the U.S. by surprise" and which, being plainly unacceptable, the F.M.L.N. then satisfactorily "rejects." Now the neofascist Cristiani, errand boy for the murderers of Romero, is given a platform on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page, talking on March 15 about the country's "fragile institutions" of democracy.

*Some observers regard the operating procedures at work in the mainstream press to be virtually automatic, thus prompting the "spontaneous combustion of nonsense" theory of journalistic production. See here the extensive debate in specialist publications on whether professional journalists are mostly born fools (nature), or are made fools at journalism schools (nurture). Von Puffendorff's vast study of Pulitzer Prize recipients suggests a 78–22 split in favor of nurture.

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If Cristiani is the "moderate" face of Roberto d'Aubuisson, who is the "moderate" face of Frank Lorenzo? Carl Icahn, fresh from his own total war against workers' living standards at T.W.A. Moral? Anyone can become a moderate, as soon as the press senses that the exigencies of history and the contours of class struggle require one. As *The New York Times* wrote in 1933, "It may be fair to Hitler himself to say that in all probability he did not himself sanction either the violence directed toward the Jews or the boycott plans. His anti-Semitism is understood to have been mainly rhetorical." Study the "moderate" business leaders who always follow the general or tendential laws of capital accumulation, whether it be by driving machinists out of work in Kansas or Miami (but they were overpaid and failed to acknowledge the new deregulatory climate), or by tipping off death squads in El Salvador about labor organizers (but they worked secretly for the F.M.L.N.), or by taking advantage of no-cost labor, worked to death in the Auschwitz complex (but Hitler made us do it).

Silence

Silence is the best weapon, always. Don't write about speed-ups, crazy supervisors, day-by-day harassment, pressure to do a two-hour job in one, threats of layoffs or what all this does to people. Write about "the new deregulatory climate" and the "demanding conditions of the eighties." Write about the takeover battles. Don't write about the workers laid off to pay for the buy-in or the buyout. Write flattering cover stories about the takeover tycoons, these latter-day receptacles of the spirit of the Auschwitz industrial park. Capitalism made us do it.

Silence in El Salvador also. Just how old are "the bad old days"? Down goes Vice President Quayle on February 3 to urge good conduct on the Salvadoran Army. The press hails his coming. So, in brusquer fashion, does the Salvadoran Army. On the eve of Quayle's speech, says the human rights office of the Catholic Archdiocese, five uniformed troops broke into the homes of university students Mario Flores and José Gerardo Gomez and took them off. They are found the next day, just about the time Quayle and the U.S. press are rubbing noses at the embassy, dead in a ditch, both shot at close range. Gomez's fingernails have signs of "foreign objects" being driven under them. Flores's facial bones and long vertebrae are fractured, legs lacerated, penis and scrotum bruised "as a result of severe pressure or compression." No investigation follows. In a March 13 dispatch, Morton Kondracke confronts Defense Minister Carlos Vides Casanova with the full investigative rigor of *The New Republic*, and obediently reports that the general's "worst fear is that the FMLN will murder a prominent left-wing politician such as Guillermo Manuel Ungo or Rubén Zamora and try to blame it on the right or on the government." The general is now billed as a moderate and contrasted with the head of the air force, Juan Rafael Bustillo, extremist of preference and exponent of the Kill 'Em All school, until such time as it is his turn to become the "moderating influence," telling U.S. journalists and Congressional delegations what they want to hear.

What do they want to hear? That "democracy is proceeding," in the sense that the Democratic Convergence led by Ungo and Zamora can campaign without being killed. What don't they want to hear? That already numerous activists from the Convergence have been detained; that its rallies have been laid siege by the army; that the F.M.L.N. and the popular movement are stronger than they have ever been; that right-wing death squad activity is on the rise; that El Salvador's ruling elites will never agree to surrender their power; that U.S. aid has to be withdrawn from its present recipients for any serious political movement to occur; that all those years of Duarte and all those billions of dollars have brought nothing but catastrophe to El Salvador.

Different Dogs, Same Caravan

The press that discovered the "moderate" Duarte in the early 1980s, presiding over and explaining away the ghastly bloodlettings by his masters in the military, now espies a "new" Arena. For a James LeMoyne, now find a Lindsey Gruson of *The Times* or a Chuck Lane of *Newsweek*. There are some, notably Chris Norton and Phil Bronstein, who do good work, but mostly the names change and the role remains the same.

I asked Mike Zielinski, who edits *Alert!*, the excellent monthly put out by Cispes, what he thinks of the recent coverage. "The activities of the popular movement are virtually ignored," he said. "Every utterance of Napoleón Duarte and the gangsters who run Arena receive coverage, but leaders of the U.N.T.S. (National Unity of Salvadoran Workers) are seldom cited. . . . State security forces and their surrogate death squads have sharply escalated the repression aimed at the U.N.T.S. and other opposition groups. Dozens of community activists have been disappeared or arrested and tortured in recent weeks; not a word has been written about their situation. Take *The New York Times* for February 16 on the bombing of the U.N.T.S. office. It ran a blip from Reuters that is exactly three sentences. Imagine the banner headlines if Solidarity's offices were bombed in Warsaw. . . . In addition to overlooking the repression of the popular movement, the U.S. press corps downplays the recent political-military gains of the F.M.L.N., insisting that the war is locked in a hopeless stalemate."

If you want to understand why reporting on the machinists' strike and on El Salvador is mostly the same, think of the phrase "free elections," as used in the U.S. press in El Salvador since 1984. Back here we have the spectacle of scabs being able after a year to vote to get rid of the union while striking workers are denied the right to mark a ballot. This is called, by employers, a "free election." In the United States the tactics necessary to win a strike—secondary boycotts, sympathy strikes, effective picket lines—are illegal. In El Salvador "fragile democracy" is hailed just so long as the bonsai left in the Democratic Convergence can be steamrollered. The F.M.L.N. is not invited.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ Arias Strikes Back

In our March 6 column we reported that Lee Hamilton, the liberal Democrat who chaired the House Iran/*contra* committee, had signed on to a letter requesting Costa Rican President Oscar Arias to guarantee that the case of John Hull is handled carefully. He and the other representatives suggested that anything less could harm relations with the United States. Hull, a C.I.A.-connected rancher from Indiana who lives in Costa Rica, was arrested in January. Arias's reply was spirited and defiant:

> Mr. John Hull is accused of serious crimes, among them . . . the illegal traffic of drugs to the United States. It pains me that you insinuate that the exemplary relations between your country and mine could deteriorate because our legal system is fighting against drug trafficking, no matter how powerful the people who participate in it, or what external backing they might have.
>
> It is not my place to judge Mr. Hull. That is done, in my country, with total independence by the Judicial Branch. You cannot be unaware that the accusations against him are serious, nor can you be ignorant of the fact that he has been treated with the consideration obliged by human rights, about which Costa Ricans need lessons from nobody. I should tell you, in closing, that the friendship between my people and the people of the United States is far above the level at which you want to place it.

With his term nearing its end, Arias is finally saying, *Mi casa no es su casa.*

■ 'Atwaterism'

Lee Atwater outsmarted media consultants, pollsters and experts in the Democratic Party with his fear-mongering campaign tactics, but he couldn't fluster a bunch of students at Howard University. In protesting his appointment to the board of trustees they coined the term "Atwaterism" to describe a cleverly packaged racial appeal with a built-in rhetorical escape hatch. Atwater himself proved their point when he explained to them that the "Willie Horton issue" was not about a flawed man but a flawed furlough program. An "Atwaterism" was employed no less successfully by David Duke, former Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan and now a legislator in Louisiana, who said his call for sterilizing poor people implied no animus toward black welfare mothers, only toward those who don't pull their weight.

In the middle of the Atwater fuss David Broder, resident somnambulist of *The Washington Post*, noted that Republicans are trying to appeal to blacks in preparation for another Jesse Jackson candidacy—thus, presumably, Atwater's public embrace of black music and his bid for the Howard trusteeship. The idea is that the Democrats will deny Jackson the nomination, leaving the Republicans to cash in on black frustration in 1992. Given the Democrats' suicidal urge to imitate Republicans, this is possible. But Broder forgets that, just like the Howard students, whose outrage over Atwater touched off a broader rebellion against university policies, most black Americans recognize the structural nature of the problems they face. Whether at a university or in society, that's something an Atwater cannot finesse with patronage and manipulation of cultural symbols.

■ Et tu, George?

As the nation coasts into the third month of the Bush non-Administration, conservatives are getting antsy about the Strategic Defense Initiative. They worry that Bush is backtracking. Senator Malcolm Wallop has decried S.D.I. turncoats in the Administration, reserving much of his spleen for Arnold Kanter, a former State Department official chosen to oversee arms control and defense policy at the National Security Council. Before joining the N.S.C., Kanter was an analyst at the Rand Corporation, where, Wallop claims, he was "in charge of research to discredit S.D.I." In a report last year Kanter called for "aggressive research and development" of Star Wars but observed that "the weight of argument is against a commitment to early deployment." Support for early deployment is a test of rightist loyalty.

More than sixty right-wing groups recently issued a statement that politely warns Bush not to lessen his devotion to Star Wars. They too blame anti-S.D.I. moles: "We are concerned that the President may be misled about the importance and the potential of SDI by advisors and others." They are also "disturbed" that Bush may "meekly accept" a no-growth $4 billion budget for S.D.I. in 1990 rather than press for the $5.9 billion requested by the much-missed Ronald Reagan.

■ Christic Saviors

Although the Christic Institute's lawsuit has suffered some legal setbacks, the group's diehard adherents have not abandoned the cause. On February 2, Federal Judge James Lawrence King, who had dismissed the lawsuit against Richard Secord, Gen. John Singlaub and other *contra* supporters, ordered the institute to pay court costs and the defendants' legal bills, totaling $1.2 million. Before continuing its appeal, the group had to come up with the cash.

The institute sent a direct mail solicitation to 20,000 of its supporters. About 5,000 replied, sending back $400,000 and marking a phenomenal 25 percent return rate. (Two percent is usually considered a good mass mailing response.) Then the Christic Institute turned to Aris Anagnos, a Hollywood real estate mogul and past contributor. Anagnos, a 65-year-old naturalized American who emigrated from Greece when he was 23, is a well-known funder of the American Civil Liberties Union, Americans for Democratic Action, the Democratic Party, a host of politicians and, formerly, *The Nation*. He declines to tell us precisely how much money he put up but acknowledges he signed a letter of credit to make up the difference. Anagnos claims he isn't worried about losing all that money. "Hopefully Christic supporters around the country will make good on it if we lose," he says. Ironically, if King's rulings are upheld, Anagnos's bucks will end up with the very people he wants to see punished.

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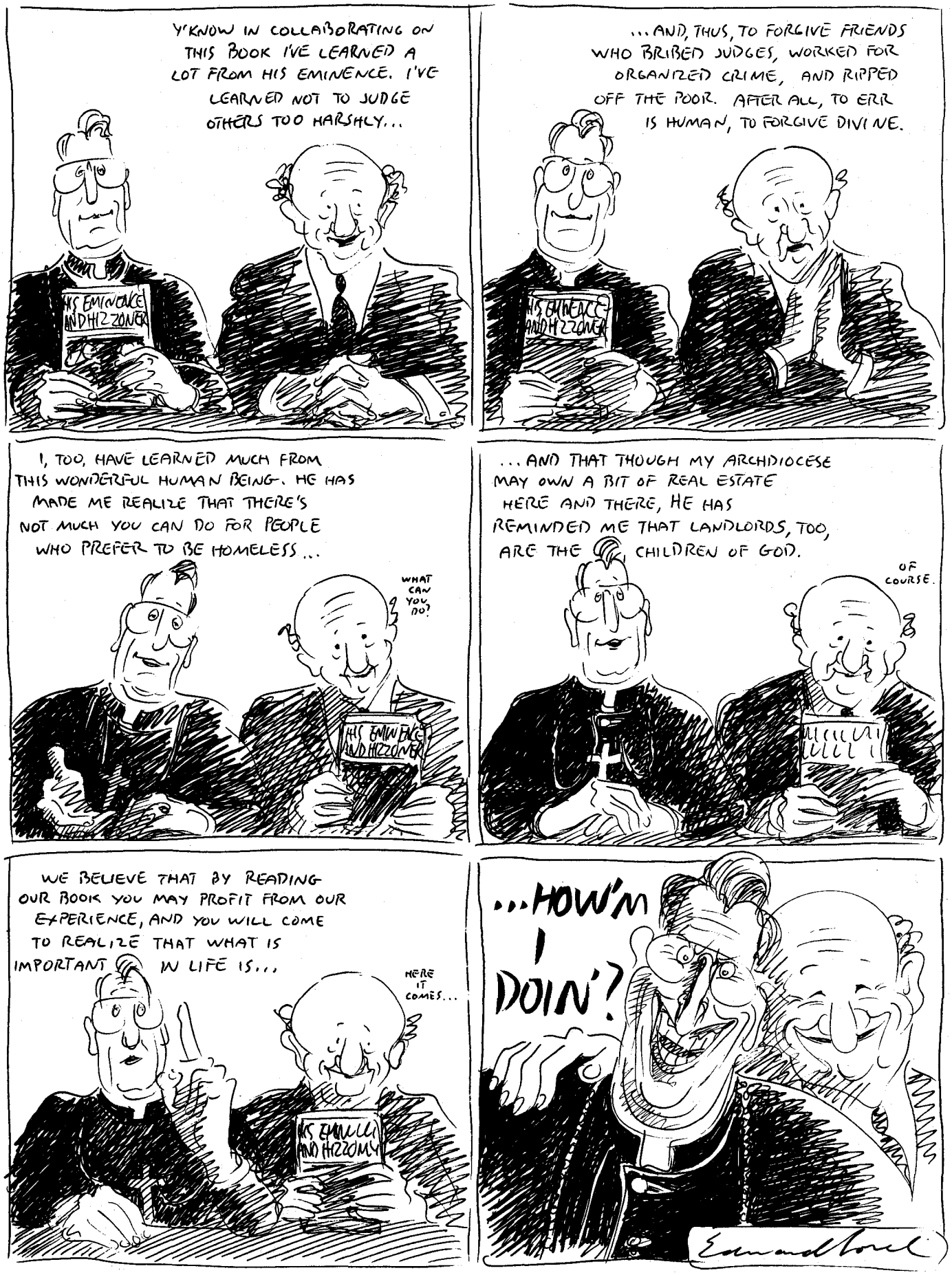
Collaborationists

EDWARD SOREL


Y'KNOW IN COLLABORATING ON THIS BOOK I'VE LEARNED A LOT FROM HIS EMINENCE. I'VE LEARNED NOT TO JUDGE OTHERS TOO HARSHLY...
...AND, THUS, TO FORGIVE FRIENDS WHO BRIBED JUDGES, WORKED FOR ORGANIZED CRIME, AND RIPPED OFF THE POOR. AFTER ALL, TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE DIVINE.
I, TOO, HAVE LEARNED MUCH FROM THIS WONDERFUL HUMAN BEING. HE HAS MADE ME REALIZE THAT THERE'S NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO FOR PEOPLE WHO PREFER TO BE HOMELESS...
WHAT CAN YOU DO?
...AND THAT THOUGH MY ARCHDIOCESE MAY OWN A BIT OF REAL ESTATE HERE AND THERE, HE HAS REMINDED ME THAT LANDLORDS, TOO, ARE THE CHILDREN OF GOD.
OF COURSE.
WE BELIEVE THAT BY READING OUR BOOK YOU MAY PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE, AND YOU WILL COME TO REALIZE THAT WHAT IS IMPORTANT IN LIFE IS...
HERE IT COMES...
...HOW'M I DOIN'?
Edward Sorel

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ARTICLES.

AFTER BUSH'S A.C.L.U. SMEAR

New Members, New Problems

JAMES LEDBETTER

"I don't want my 10-year-old grandchild to go into an X-rated movie," said George Bush during the first presidential debate last fall. "I don't think they're right to try to take the tax exemption away from the Catholic Church. I don't want to see the kiddie pornographic laws repealed. I don't want to see 'Under God' come out from our currency. Now, these are all positions of the A.C.L.U., and I don't agree with them."

The American Civil Liberties Union would, of course, be foolish to try to remove "Under God" from our greenbacks since the rubric thereon reads, "In God We Trust." But striking that official nod to the heavens has never been a priority of the organization. And the A.C.L.U. certainly has never asked any of the President's grandchildren to look at pornography. But Bush's accuracy aside, the tactical decision to make the sixty-nine-year-old organization a campaign target rekindled a debate within the A.C.L.U. over the relationship between it, politics and the American public, a debate that could permanently affect what the union does.

Bush's repeated references to Governor Michael Dukakis as a "card-carrying member" and Ronald Reagan's comment that the A.C.L.U. is "a far-out group on the left" moved even William Safire to accuse his fellow Republicans of a "McCarthyite smear." Bush succeeded in making many voters think that Dukakis plus the A.C.L.U. equaled something subversively "left-wing." The strategy paid off partly because a number of the union's prominent backers are, in fact, involved with the liberal wing of the Democratic Party (Stanley Sheinbaum and Norman Lear, for example). But it also worked because Dukakis waited until the waning days of the campaign to stand up and say that he was not ashamed of whose card he was carrying.

"Bush tried to make the A.C.L.U. look seamy, as though it undermined American values," said Richard Emery, a former staff attorney of the New York Civil Liberties Union. A *Detroit Free Press* poll taken last October showed that those expressing an opinion held a negative view of the union by an almost 2-to-1 margin. The organization's leadership began to worry that Bush's slurs would intimidate its supporters and affect its ability to function in the field, much as the National Lawyers Guild and the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee were hampered in the witch hunt atmosphere of the 1950s.

James Ledbetter is a New York City writer who covers local politics for 7 Days.

Instead, the mudslinging had the opposite effect. "It caused a tremendous surge of support," says New York executive director Ira Glasser. "Letters poured in from members who wanted to carry cards, from people who had quit and were now moved to rejoin, even from Republicans who were ashamed of what Bush was doing." The A.C.L.U. signed up between 60,000 and 70,000 new recruits in 1988, only slightly fewer than had joined during its campaign for Nixon's impeachment and in the first year of the Reagan Administration. Three-fourths of those new members were added in the last three months of the year; and total membership is now over 275,000, the highest ever. In an October speech to the National Press Club, Glasser joked about making George Bush the union's membership director. Explaining the surge in an interview, he said the "visibility transformed the organization . . . into a carrier of all the values at issue" in the "cultural war" between the Republican right and what the conservatives label the "liberal establishment."

The accumulation of new members and new funds, however, does not guarantee that the A.C.L.U. will not suffer from Bush's attacks in the long run. Because of the President's power to set a tone and an agenda for the nation, Bush's slander may have galvanized the faithful, says Glasser, but it has also "poisoned the well and moved the ocean on which we float. You wonder if a politically ambitious person—a young Michael Dukakis or Dick Thornburgh—will decide not to get involved with us. If people will say, as many of us did in the 1950s, 'Maybe it's just as well not to sign this, maybe I shouldn't get involved.'" There is already some evidence of a chill: In southern Illinois recently, a judge accepted the request of an A.C.L.U. attorney to keep her affiliation out of the trial because it might affect the jury's decision. "I remain very nervous about the future," Glasser admits.

Some believe that the union bears partial responsibility for the backlash. The A.C.L.U. does most of its work behind the scenes, only occasionally breaking through to public consciousness: during Watergate; in the defense of Nazis in the Skokie, Illinois, case; and in the Supreme Court confirmation hearings for Robert Bork. It was thus largely unprepared for the flood of publicity that came last fall. As with most A.C.L.U. decisions, there was dissent within the civil liberties community about the correct response to Bush's attacks. Throughout the fall the newspapers were filled with stories about the organization's windfall—small wonder, as this was the line it was peddling. One A.C.L.U. official likened the situation to a nuclear war in which "a network leads its coverage of events by talking about how its ratings have improved." Henry Schwarzschild, who is on the staff of the A.C.L.U.'s public education department, thought the union was too timid in reconfirming its liberal public image. "We should have said more prominently that we didn't care about Bush's attacks on the organization," Schwarzschild said, "but about his attacks on the Constitution."

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Others believe that the A.C.L.U. missed both an opportunity to explain to the American public how it functions and to reform some of its institutional weaknesses. To listen to George Bush, Glasser noted in his Press Club speech, "you would never know that we [handle] more voting rights cases in the South than any other organization . . . more sex discrimination cases than any other organization in the country." But, charges one critic, since the organization spent the fall focusing largely on a membership drive, most people still don't know these facts. The union needs "a more sophisticated media response," according to Emery.

Aryeh Neier, who was national director of the A.C.L.U. from 1970 to 1978, argues that a "failure of leadership" in the organization led to an ineffective response to the smear campaign. "The A.C.L.U. has a process of adopting policies that go into a book and become official A.C.L.U. policy, even if they haven't been actively promoted for decades," Neier explains. Bush's distorted charges focused on precisely these dated positions, such as the belief that churches shouldn't be given tax exemptions. Neier insists that few if any A.C.L.U. members still believe this, and that the union "should have bitten the bullet and explained that the A.C.L.U., like any other organization, has taken positions that it no longer supports, and that although its overall record is probably better than the U.S. government's, some things in the book are just wrong." Neier recommends that the organization adopt a system whereby any policy dormant for three years or more is either reapproved or stricken.

The larger question, though, is how the A.C.L.U.'s new membership and heightened visibility will affect what the organization does. Over the past twenty years there have been two significant, related movements that have changed the shape and impact of the union. The first was a shift away from just litigating. During the Warren Court era, it was relatively easy to concentrate on lawsuits as a way of effecting social change. Some have argued that the A.C.L.U. exhibited an antidemocratic tendency when it turned issues—such as abortion and the death penalty—into matters for judges to decide, rather than pursuing public debate. As John Judis wrote recently in *In These Times*, "The ACLU has aroused many Americans' ire because they think that it has illegitimately stepped over this line and deprived them of their right to decide social questions."

Glasser admits that there was a "dangerous arrogance" among the union's lawyers, an "inattention to public opinion, an almost sneering that ultimately led people like Nixon, Reagan and Meese" to attack the A.C.L.U. successfully and turn public opinion against it. Consequently, the union has dramatically expanded the budget of its public education office, essentially the propaganda arm of the organization, which attempts to explain constitutional issues to a broad public. "Most civil liberties arguments are counterintuitive," argues Glasser, "and you have to take people step by step through them to get them to understand." To counter the Reagan-Meese charge that the exclusionary and Miranda rules hinder police work, the public education project might, for example, schedule a policeman on a talk show to argue that the rules in fact have no negative impact on fighting crime. Out of its roughly $16 million budget, the national office of the A.C.L.U. spends $5.5 million on litigation, $1.5 million on legislative efforts and $1 million on public education. National president Norman Dorsen says much of the revenue generated by the Bush attacks will go into its public education activities.

The second shift that has taken place within the A.C.L.U. is one away from "traditional" civil liberties issues—primarily First Amendment or civil rights questions—into several new areas. This thrust began in the late 1960s when the organization supported the rights of frequently ignored groups such as students, prisoners, soldiers and the institutionalized. Today the debate over the union's agenda is focused on an Economic Bill of Rights, the defense of the rights of the homeless, the decriminalization of drugs, and other issues.

According to A.C.L.U. leaders past and present, the dynamic within the organization consists of a vanguard—typically associated with the New York and southern California affiliates—which pushes for further expansion of constitutional rights into questions of social and economic policy; a rear guard, which wants to retain the First Amendment focus; and a leadership that ends up engineering a middle course.

The question is: What role will the Bush-pushed members play in this debate? No one knows precisely why anyone joins the A.C.L.U., but it's a safe bet that those who swelled the ranks last fall were reacting more to the Pledge of Allegiance issue than to an Economic Bill of Rights. As Dorsen put it, "Once these people start getting our mailings, some may say, 'I didn't know I was taking a position on surrogate motherhood when I joined the A.C.L.U.'" Thus, even while they strengthen the organization, the new members could act as a retarding force. Or they may just

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quit: The membership surge of the Nixon impeachment effort was followed by the lowest new-member retention in A.C.L.U. history. But Glasser and Dorsen don't believe this will happen with the Bush recruits, who were responding to attacks on the organization when they joined it.

If the new members remain, they may well push the A.C.L.U. more toward the grass roots. When someone joins the A.C.L.U., he or she becomes an automatic member of the local affiliate; an affiliate's membership largely determines its funding from the national office, thus reinforcing its strength. (The Southern California affiliate alone has an annual budget of $2 million.) The more in touch A.C.L.U. members are with the issues of their communities—housing, crime, the environment—the more likely they are to involve their affiliate and eventually the national organization. Such an impact, however, won't be felt from new members for at least three to five years, predicts Dorsen.

Ironically, Bush's attacks may end up strengthening the "liberal" aspects of the A.C.L.U. that inspired him to criticize it in the first place. But election-year slurs really only hint at the A.C.L.U.'s overall trajectory. The organization—a hybrid of lobbying and litigation—is ultimately more dependent on the activism of its affiliates and the strength of its arguments than on the hostility of its opponents, no matter how prominent. ☐

THE MILITARY, WOMEN AND AIDS

The Bar Girls Of Subic Bay

SAUNDRA STURDEVANT

Olongapo City, Philippines

At Subic Bay Naval Base, there is a display board that advertises local nightclubs with pictures of their female employees. When a woman tests positive for syphilis or gonorrhea, her photograph on the board is turned upside down. But no such attention is given to women who test positive for HIV, the AIDS virus. Their identity, as well as the extent to which AIDS has spread among the women who provide sexual labor for G.I.s, is one of the better-kept secrets in this part of the world.

The U.S. military, the Olongapo City authorities and the government of Corazon Aquino are all reluctant to discuss the topic. Nor is anyone keen to provide educational advice. The women are not given even the most basic of safe-sex information; there are no brochures in Tagalog or any of the other languages of the Philippines. Nor are there any graphic training films for the G.I.s; before a shore leave they are simply told that there is AIDS in Olongapo and

Saundra Sturdevant is a writer and photographer currently working on a book about the sale of women's sexual labor around U.S. military bases in Asia.

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that they should take precautions if they "dip their wick."

Subic is the largest U.S. naval facility outside the continental United States and home port of the Seventh Fleet. Each month, its three floating drydocks service an average of ten U.S. Navy ships. One typical porting pattern is to put in at Subic on the way from East Africa to Honolulu, San Francisco or San Diego. Olongapo City has about 200,000 inhabitants, and its economy is underpinned by the base, where 60,000 local people work, and by the sale of sexual labor. About 10,000 women are registered to work in the 330 bars in town, and perhaps half of them can be reached by local health care institutions. The Social Hygiene Clinic (S.H.C.) is a joint project of the Olongapo City Health Department and the U.S. Navy, with the latter providing medicine for the treatment of venereal disease. Each morning, 500 or more women line up for their biweekly V.D. smears. By law all 10,000 women must be regularly tested, and the dates and results are recorded in a passbook that the authorities can demand at any time.

HIV testing began here in early 1986, and to date some fifty women have shown up positive at the S.H.C. That is certainly a conservative figure. The problem of measuring the spread of the disease—which, in light of multiple exposures, lack of medical care and general socioeconomic deprivation, may be considerable—is compounded by the fact that the local establishments employ perhaps twice as many women, working unregistered, as have been counted. A number of bars also contract with moonlighting Navy medical personnel to provide in-house testing, as well as abortions and baby deliveries.

Once a woman tests HIV-positive, she is directly informed—though not a word is said about her long-term prognosis or the ramifications of the disease. She will routinely continue to work. Approximately three months after a positive test, the woman is taken to the U.S. Naval Hospital in Manila and tested again. There she is given some basic information about the disease: a leaflet explaining that one contracts AIDS through sexual contact, shared needles or blood transfusions. There is no counseling, no medication and no special assistance given pregnant women.

One group of eight HIV-positive women has, however, been singled out. Since their diagnosis they have been employed by the city government here as clerks. Every three months they and the children who have been born to them since they received a positive test result are taken by the U.S. Navy into the Manila hospital for three days of tests. Again, they are given no word on what their diagnosis means; they are told that they are recovering and are given job-training classes and urged to plan for the future. One health worker at the S.H.C. stressed to me the benefits of having the patients "think positively." All the children are said to have shown negative HIV test results. One of them answers to the name of Liberace; that was the Americans' idea.

As for the rest of the local women who have tested positive, the S.H.C. seems to have lost track of them. They are likely to have gone to other clubs along the coastal strip that runs from Olongapo up to Angeles, the town that adjoins and services Clark Air Force Base. Some may have committed suicide; there is no record. As one woman said to me after testing positive, "Oh my God, I couldn't believe it because I feel O.K. I almost jumped from the bridge. . . . My mind was so empty." A number have certainly returned to their homes in the provinces, taking the disease there with them. They lack medical care and other assistance and face survival in the same impoverished economy that drove them to Olongapo in the first place. Disingenuous government officials suggest that they should find work as manicurists, hairdressers, servers of drinks.

For many of the G.I.s, Olongapo City is the first experience of being outside the United States. The majority are in their late teens or early 20s. It is with their "bar girls" that they find relief from the long and often stressful hours aboard ship. They are encouraged to do so by more seasoned military personnel, by superior officers and by the whole concept and practice of what it is to be a warrior.

The purchase of women's sexual labor here is a straightforward business. The sailor and the manager of the establishment agree on the "bar fine"—the amount the man must pay to take the woman out. Generally, the fine ranges from 250 to 400 pesos, or between $12 and $20 at the current exchange rate. The men on the base commonly speak of having a "sex appointment" and designate the women as "one-, two- or three-holers." There is great pressure for the woman to comply with the client's demands. If he does not get what he wants, when, where and how he wants it, he can go back to the bar manager and get a refund. In such cases, a fine will be slapped on the woman for not pleasing the customer.

Condoms are a joke. The G.I.s inflate them and place one aside each ear, pretending to be rabbits—complete with body language that leaves no doubt about what rabbits like to do. The "guys" are "hardheaded," the women say. After

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all, it is the guys who have the money—not to mention the HIV. "If they have it, they won't tell you they have it," said one of the women. Or at best they tell you too late, she added bitterly. "Then you find you have it already."

A very distinctive culture surrounds the bars and bases. Their sex-based economy, together with the extreme dependence on an outside power, seems to have generated a kind of nihilism in which the lives of the protagonists count for little. Neither the women nor the G.I.s are educated about their situation; both seem expendable. This squalid culture has become more pervasive under Aquino than it was under Ferdinand Marcos, yet the government appears uninterested, and its lack of concern about the attendant spread of AIDS has given new legitimacy to Filipino nationalists and opponents of the bases.

The only people who seem to interest the authorities are the eight women the U.S. Navy tests at its Manila hospital. It is unclear whether they constitute an experimental control group, or just how they are being monitored and to what end. But they remind the visitor a little of the Marshall Islanders who were brought to the Tripler military hospital in Honolulu suffering from radiation exposure after the U.S. nuclear tests of the 1950s: They were given no medical treatment, but their declining health was closely studied, their deaths documented and the data carefully filed. □

MY DINNER WITH MAGGIE

Charity Begins With Gluttony

FRED INGLIS

A little while ago I had dinner with Mrs. Thatcher. I was invited at first sight, harmlessly, by an old school chum—after the continuing custom of the English haute bourgeoisie. The dinner was to be held in one of those bits of real estate worth unfabled millions and kept for their posh dinners and fund-raising parties by the power elite just off Threadneedle Street. In a dinner jacket dated 1965, its buttons straining like Tom Kitten's coat, I picked my way past much newer dinner jackets getting out of very big cars indeed, which were then put away by private soldiers from the Rifle Brigade.

There were more of the soldiers inside, placed at the corners of the inevitably paneled and curtained staircase, wearing their dark green number-one dress and doing nothing except standing about, expressionless, and lending, as Wodehouse said, tone. I suppose they symbolized the simple political truth that if there's any trouble, the class that puts them on show for supper in this way is the class whose side they

Fred Inglis, a professor of education at the University of Warwick, in England, is currently at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, working on a book about the cold war.

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will certainly have to take. As a reminder, it was a bit crude.

Still, these abrupt impressions were all borne out richly upstairs. The huge, baying crush of men in the long room, its walls punctuated by a genteel copy of a Peter Levy up there, a pastiche Sargent over here, were packed together in a vivid reminder of just how unspeakably awful the enemy is. All those massed black backs, conversing in the throttled bellow with which the well-bred take their preprandial champagne (naturally), were quite overwhelming in their self-satisfaction, the weird grimaces of their greetings (immortally borrowed, of course, by Basil Fawlty's deadly mixture of manners, toadying and brutality), their brute *size*.

Presumably, the ruling class is so much bigger because its diet has been so much better for so long. These men were the size of gorillas.

When we sat down, the main guests were played in on the Steinway grand by a blank-faced pianist whose choice of entry music was the imposters' march from *Così fan tutte*. One of his subsequent conversation pieces was the second movement of Haydn's Quartet, Opus 76, Number 3, *aka* the hymn "Deutschland über Alles." I challenged him about his choices later, but he turned away.

Anyway, there the last enemy was, clad in a dire, full-length tube of knitted crimplene that fatally combined the dowdy, the cheap-looking and a garish zigzag. Its tastelessness was deeply gratifying. It suggested that when she's released from her standard uniform of two-piece suit and something-soft-at-the-throat, the old bag falls back on the sartorial world of the package cruise.

The Boss was duly clapped in, and the crowd fell to with a greedy roar. The troughs were brimming: English grass—as the nobs used to call asparagus—lobster and salmon, fillet of beef, strawberry *coulis*, Grand Cru chablis and classic 1970 St. Julien to match, of course. What gave the spread its particular piquancy was that the evening's theme was "The City and Charity," and charity fairly began at home with a solid display of its gluttonous side, which might have seemed a bit contradictory to Saint Paul.

Conversation was, well, limited. I was much struck by the collective dimness as well as the astonishing longevity of what Cobbett so finely called "The Thing." Here The Thing, old Corruption itself, abundantly sat: loud, fat, prejudiced, stupid, just as Vicky and Low always told us it was. That being so ostentatiously so, how was it that they were still ruling? A blindingly trite thought, doubtless; but if we're so all-fired bright, why aren't we winning?

The other truism I tasted with the Stilton and the 1957 cognac was that I could tell no difference at all between Farmer Jones and Napoleon. Class analysis has told us that the Thatcher coup d'état is the victory of the petite bourgeoisie over the old, stinking rich. But the old, stinking rich were here in force, public schoolboys to a man, and getting on just fine with the Robespierre of the new estate, indeed fawning on her in grossly unattractive and decidedly servile ways. (I ought to mention that all other wives, their hair back-combed to the time when they were girls, had been packed upstairs in a gallery, behind a glass partition!)

Admittedly, there were one or two old buffers near me with a vaguely Willie Whitelaw view of the world. My host was a bit rattled to find that I was such a middle-aged viper in the bosom of the class. They rallied gamely round, however, with a sort of bluff line in "well, sometimes it's our chaps' turn and sometimes your chaps'," but history had absolved them from the front line of class struggle. They were decent old anachronisms.

The tough eggs, however, were there to gloat: to gloat over the extreme meatiness of their money and comforts, and over their certainty that it was all going to last forever. Their triumphalism was repellent even to an unsqeamish ear like mine, which had, after all, listened attentively to the godly electorate of Winchester when I fought the constituency in 1987 as the Labor candidate in the general election. The gloating was given added resonance by the public status of the chief gloaters, who were there officially, of course, to coax these philanthropists of the City into their customary munificence.

Angus Ogilvy, Princess Alexandra's husband, was present, well-known familiar of poverty and good works, in his capacity as president of the National Association of Youth Clubs (did you know that? I certainly didn't know that. I'd like to see him go three rounds at the Lozells Heath Boy's Club sometime). So also were various unknown grandees, a Lord Garmoyle who was chair of Voluntary Service Overseas, the chair of the Samaritans, assorted soldiers and one sailor, men in purple shirtfronts, lords and earls and whatnot.

All this gives one to ponder about class reproduction and all that, and suggests that the Labor Party has never given enough thought to patronage and recruitment. There are *always* dozens of these blasted soldiers, littered with initials, at a ruling-class do. Since we have been given such examples of favoritism and place-filling in the ten unbroken years of

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appointment by toadydom, let's make sure that we fairly stuff the offices of privilege with *our* people when the time comes. As it will.

Finally, it was her turn to do a turn. This sacred moment had been preceded by an ancient ritual from whose fatuity even I, familiar with such superstition, recoiled. It needs no decoration in the telling.

A loving cup, vast and chased, circulated. As each guest turned to face it, his neighbor had the ancient, historical duty of guarding his back from unlooked-for assault by Elizabethan villains. Of course, it might be thought that in the City, where these damfool antics took place, the precaution was no more than prudent. Priggishly, I refused to play.

The Prime Minister's speech was reassuringly bad. Mostly banal jokes jostled with immodestly demure self-congratulation about "restoring the lapse of enterprise" and reaffirming "the necessity of discipline." She was disgustingly coy about comparing her own length of service to William Pitt's two decades in the job, and beat an antique drum with a dull note when she assured us that "if another Stalin arises, our defense is sure." (What about another Hitler?)

Her audience gazed, it is no exaggeration to say, in rapt adoration. Particularly noticeable at his devotions was the Honorable Angus. When she finished the roof fell in, but I couldn't rise, and stayed in puce embarrassment in my seat while neighbors poked me sharply and hissed, "Stand up."

Afterward, my host, a decent enough, old-fashioned and kindly man devoted to fishing, said in mild fervor, "She's made me proud to be English again." If we have to put it like that, she's made *me* ashamed of my people. □

Gun Lobby

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

stand he had taken less than a month before, but it represents an even bigger blow to the N.R.A. because he is one of its life members.

The N.R.A. now faces gun control or assault weapon banishment legislation in more than thirty states. In Washington, D.C., ten of thirteen City Council members have endorsed a bill to make handgun manufacturers and distributors liable for deaths and injuries caused in shootings. In Florida, State Representative Ron Silver has launched a campaign to collect 343,000 signatures on a petition to set up a 1990 ballot referendum. The goal is to amend the state Constitution to require all handgun purchasers to wait seven days for the merchandise, giving police time to check on a buyer's background. The effort has the support of more than a dozen organizations, ranging from the Florida Chamber of Commerce to the state's Public Defenders Association.

Last September, the N.R.A. beat back the Brady amendment in the House by a vote of 228 to 182. Named after James Brady, the presidential press secretary who was shot in the head with a cheap handgun during the 1981 attempted

Richard W. Bruner is a freelance writer who divides his time between Fair Lawn, New Jersey, and Tucson, Arizona.

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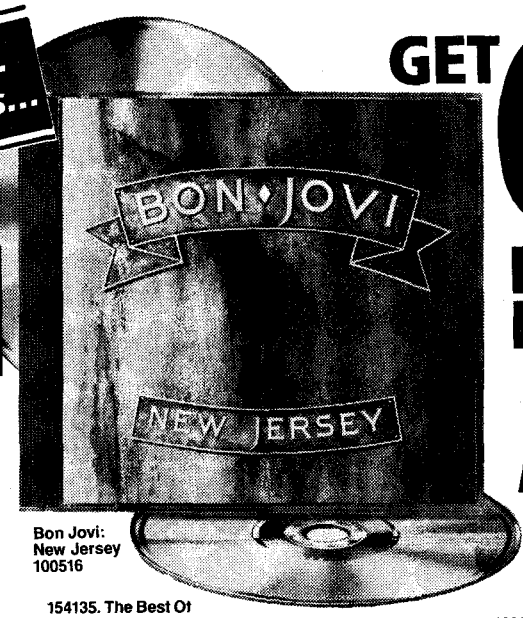

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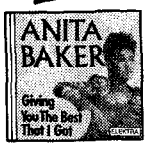

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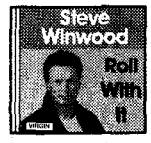

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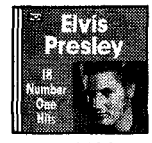

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assassination of Ronald Reagan, that amendment would have made the seven-day waiting period national law. The N.R.A. victory cost $4 million, but the organization has had to go right back to the till: The amendment has been reintroduced as a bill in the House this session, with strong bipartisan support. In the Senate, Ohio's liberal Democrat Howard Metzenbaum is leading the fight to bring it to the Senate floor. Metzenbaum also has introduced S 386, a bill to ban the manufacture, importation, possession and transfer of the new automatic assault weap-

Death by Mail

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This new generation of products is the result of America's burgeoning fascination with paramilitary firearms and accessories, which has nothing to do with hunting or target shooting. At best, the weapons' owners are merely impressed with superior firepower and explosives. At worst, they intend to use these products for just what the design intends: to kill human beings quickly, efficiently and, if the mood strikes them, in large numbers. Advances in technology and the dearth of Federal laws curbing these weapons and their accessories have made their sale possible. In addition, some manufacturers are expert at following the letter, but not the intent, of the few laws that do exist.

The forty-seven-page catalogue of Phoenix Systems Inc. offers its customers "The Right Stuff." This includes military practice grenades "with ALL the mechanical parts IN THE FUSE ASSEMBLY!!!—NO EXPLOSIVES" for $19.95 each. The grenade ad warns that "ACTIVATION OF THESE DEVICES REQUIRES PRIOR BATF [Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms] APPROVAL." Yet obtaining or making the necessary explosives is not difficult, and the chances that the B.A.T.F., which is charged with enforcing Federal firearms laws, will find out about illegal conversions are virtually nil.

Also part of "The Right Stuff" is the Booby Trap Firing Device (M-1), a "Standard U.S. Military PRESSURE RELEASE firing device used to initiate detonation of explosive charges in BOOBY TRAP applications or remote firing of Claymore Mines. . . . Hundreds of applications—can be screwed directly into an explosive charge for instantaneous detonation or coupled to detonator cord for remote firing," for $14.95.

"The Ballistic Knife—The Knife That Shoots" is offered by Phoenix in kit form. The knife "can be fired up to an effective range of 30 feet," with the typical penetration "about three times that of a manual stab." In 1986, Congress banned ballistic knives, yet a loophole in the law still allows their sale in incomplete form. All that is needed to make this $79.95 "kit" fully operable is the projection spring, which can be easily purchased separately.

The catalogue also offers a $175 "drop-in auto sear," which, with other parts, allows its owner to convert a semiautomatic Colt AR-15 assault rifle into a fully automatic M-16 machine gun. Manufactured prior to November 1981, the piece is exempt from current laws affecting the possession of such conversion parts, although the conversion itself is illegal in all but a few circumstances.

Other items available through catalogues and magazines such as *Firepower*, *American Survival Guide* and *Shotgun News* include:

§ Trigger activators, mechanical add-ons that, when attached to a semiautomatic assault rifle, allow the user to fire rounds faster than they could by merely pulling the trigger. The $19.95 BMF Activator boasts the "newest crank-operated rapid fire capability since the Gatling gun!! Legally fire up to 1200 rounds per minute on your semi-automatic .22 rifle." The $129.95 Ultimate allows one to "fire individual rounds, 3 shot bursts or 50 round bursts at your instant discretion."

§ Laser sights that offer their user point-and-shoot assassination capability. Priced at $495, the API Predator Laser Target Designator "projects a narrow beam of red light" up to 500 meters. "Generally, the only visible element of the laser beam is a spot on a solid object that reflects back to the operator. The beam itself is invisible in clear air." The API is one of many laser sights, some only half its price.

§ "Rock N' Roll #3—Sexy Girls and Sexy Guns, The Video," for the leisure hours. It features "14 outrageous, southern California beauties . . . firing some of the sexiest machine guns ever produced. [G]irls in string bikinis and high heels blasting UZIs, MAC-10s, M-16s, MP-5s, AK-47s, M-14s, and more. It's something you just have to see."

A semiautomatic AK-47, which can fire more than 300 rounds per minute, is just what the children at recess did see being fired in their Stockton, California, schoolyard by Patrick Edward Purdy in January. He shot five fatally and wounded thirty before killing himself.

JOSH SUGARMANN

Josh Sugarmann is the executive director of New Right Watch and author of "Assault Weapons and Accessories in America," a report recently released by the organization and upon which this article is based.

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ons proliferating throughout the nation [see Josh Sugarmann, opposite].

The N.R.A. spent even more money in a single state, Maryland, last fall—$6.1 million. But this time it lost, in a major battle against supporters of a ban on "Saturday night specials." At stake was a bill introduced in the Maryland House of Delegates by Baltimore legislator Ralph Hughes. All earlier attempts to outlaw inexpensive handguns had failed. "The N.R.A. always said it was impossible to define a 'Saturday night special,'" says Hughes. "I think they boxed themselves in with that argument. We decided to approach the issue on a case-by-case basis."

The N.R.A. stacked legislative hearings on the bill with its members and supporters. But the Washington-based Handgun Control Inc. mustered its own troops, including Coretta Scott King and Sarah Brady, its chair and James Brady's wife. She and King wrote to every member of the Senate and some in the House, and followed up with personal visits. The bill passed both houses and was signed into law by Governor William Schaefer last May.

The N.R.A. was determined to teach the Legislature a lesson. Without missing a beat, it launched a drive to put the new law on a referendum ballot. To bring the issue to a vote, the N.R.A. had to obtain signatures from 3 percent of those who had voted in the last gubernatorial race. By July 1, it had collected 51,000 signatures, more than enough.

Hughes was chair of the coalition fighting to support the law, which raised about $700,000 to conduct its campaign. Both sides focused their attention on the urban and suburban voters of Baltimore and of Montgomery and Prince Georges Counties. The N.R.A.'s television commercials tried to convince urban and suburban voters that they were living in a dangerous world. The law's supporters countered with commercials in which the very popular Governor Schaefer explained that the law forbade only certain classifications of handguns. (After the election, he admitted sheepishly that he owns a handgun.)

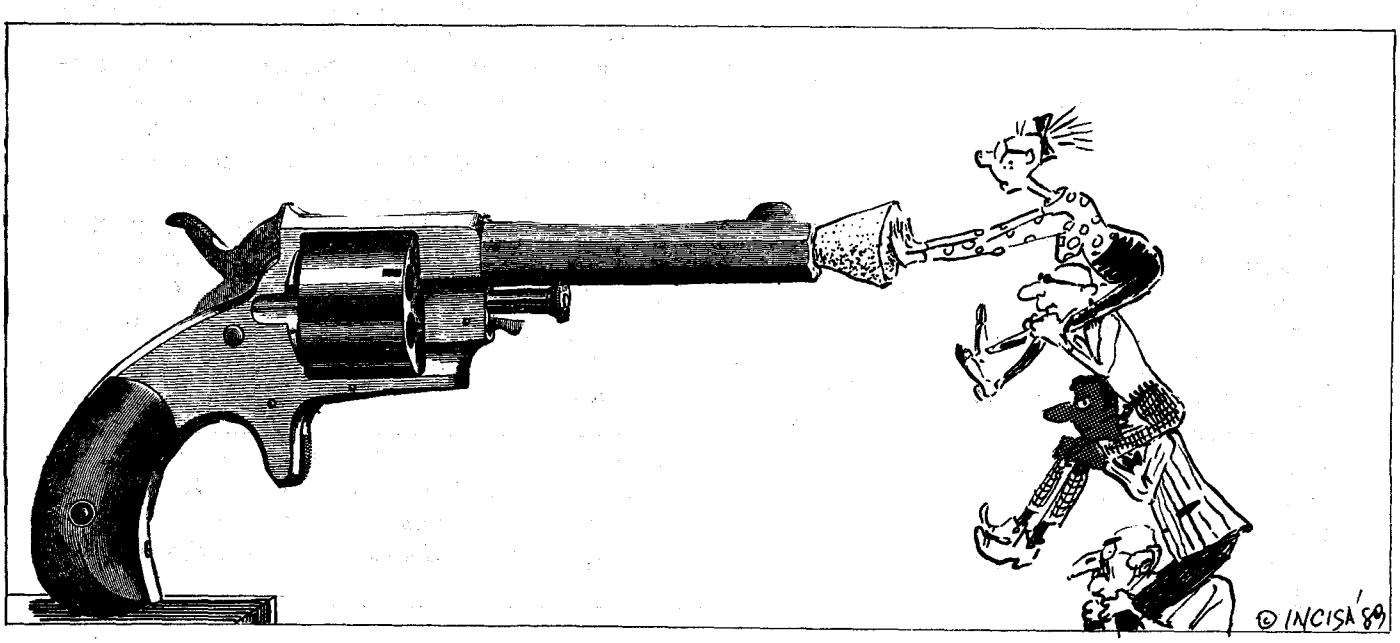
Hughes thinks much of the outcome hinged on the black vote. "The N.R.A. seemed to believe that if they could convince the black community the law was harming them it could win. So they hired a [public relations] group out of Baltimore called Vanguard Justice Society. They paid $2 million to this organization to recruit poor blacks to walk the streets and ring doorbells." A canvasser from Vanguard once approached Hughes in his office. Another time, when he was speaking at a fund-raiser in a private home, the telephone interrupted him. It was an N.R.A. supporter who told the host, "The elite power structure in Maryland is trying to take away your right to protection."

The outcome surprised both sides. When the votes were counted, the N.R.A. had won in seventeen of Maryland's twenty-three counties. But it had lost the referendum statewide, 58 percent to 42 percent. In Montgomery County, the state's most populous voting jurisdiction, the vote was 72 percent to 28 percent against the gun lobby. In Baltimore's black neighborhoods, it was 4 to 1 against.

A week after the Maryland vote, on November 16, the Cincinnati City Council adopted a law requiring a fifteen-day waiting period for handgun purchases. The ordinance was introduced by Cincinnati Mayor Charles Luken, whose father, Ohio Representative Tom Luken, had accepted PAC money from the N.R.A. for several years and had staunchly supported its cause in Congress before reversing his position when the Brady amendment came to a vote last fall.

The Cincinnati and Maryland defeats seem to support the view of former N.R.A. public relations director John Aquilino, who maintains that the organization has virtually no support in metropolitan areas. Other cities and suburbs that have adopted laws controlling handgun purchases or banning ownership include Atlanta and Columbus, Georgia; Palm Beach and Broward County, Florida; Kansas City, Junction City, Manhattan and Lawrence, Kansas; and Morton Grove, Oak Park and Evanston, Illinois.

The N.R.A.'s lack of urban support is not surprising. For most of the years since its founding in 1871 the association was essentially a kind of rod and gun club for rural hunters. It got deeply involved in politics only after Congress passed the 1968 Federal Gun Control Act as a reaction to the assas-



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sinations of President John F. Kennedy, Senator Robert Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. In 1976, at the suggestion of Michigan Representative John Dingell—an outdoorsman—the N.R.A. created its lobbying arm, the Institute for Legislative Action. As soon as it began playing political hardball, the N.R.A.'s membership swelled.

As a model for other anti-N.R.A. campaigns, the Maryland experience was critical. It brought together an extremely unlikely coalition: hard-core law-and-order advocates, liberals, urban blacks, union members, teachers, religious groups and the business community. Most important, the campaign had the support of the police establishment throughout the state. As recently as ten years ago this would not have been possible. But relations between the law enforcers and the N.R.A. have undergone a sea change.

"They used to be my friends; they're my enemies now," says Melvin Tucker, Chief of Police in Tallahassee, Florida. "They're creating additional stress for my officers. They're encouraging violence in our communities. They're endangering my officers' lives by keeping us from being able to restrict dangerous firearms that these criminals get ahold of out there."

All major law enforcement groups, including the Fraternal Order of Police, the National Association of Police Organizations, the Federal Law Enforcement Officers Association, the International Association of Chiefs of Police and the Major Cities Chief Administrators, have turned their backs on the N.R.A. Despite this, police chiefs who speak out against the group's policies can find themselves targets of painstaking campaigns against them.

Tony Bouza retired as Chief of the Minneapolis Police Department and put out word that he wanted another appointment—a challenge, a department that was in trouble and needed his help. He got a call from New York's Suffolk County, on Long Island. "I applied for the job of their chief in 1988 and was one of four finalists announced in the newspaper," he says. "The N.R.A. undertook a massive telephone campaign and the county officers got thousands of calls against me. I did not get the job." What did he do to deserve such punishment? "I've been a longtime advocate of sensible handgun control. I see a horrifying carnage. We're the only country in the world that allows the sale of automatics and semiautomatics over the counter. It's crazy."

Bouza knows of other chiefs who have had similar experiences. "The N.R.A. took out a full-page ad in *USA Today* in 1988 against Joseph McNamara, the Chief of Police in San Jose, California, in which they said, in effect, 'This man wants to sell drugs to your children.' That's the kind of stuff they'll do. They're horrible, the nastiest bunch of bastards you've ever encountered in your life." J. Warren Cassidy, the N.R.A.'s executive vice president, thinks Bouza and McNamara got just what they deserve. The "poor little fellows," he says, "have been attacking the N.R.A., just skirting the libel laws. Mr. Bouza runs all over the country and berates anyone who doesn't agree with him."

Even some chiefs who have been neutral on gun control issues cannot avoid N.R.A. vengeance. Police Chief Keith Bergstrom of Tarpon Springs, Florida, had never taken a stand on gun control but managed to incur the N.R.A.'s wrath anyway, which has since followed him to two assignments. His troubles began in April 1984, while he was Chief of Police in Oak Park, Illinois. The Village Board adopted a law making it illegal for anyone to own or fire a handgun within town limits. Nearly two years later, he recalls, "a service station manager was robbed at gunpoint. After the robbery, the manager ran outside to his pickup, got out a .45 automatic and went to the alley, where he saw the suspects trying to get into a station wagon. The manager claims that one of them fired at him. He fired three rounds back at them." When Bergstrom's officers arrived on the scene to investigate, the manager admitted to the use of the handgun. "He was arrested with my knowledge and authority," said Bergstrom.

That arrest provoked the ire of the N.R.A. Later, Bergstrom applied for the chief's position in Corpus Christi, Texas. "I was one of the finalists interviewed in May 1987," he says. "The names of the finalists were published in the papers. Someone recognized the name. The N.R.A. got into it and mobilized support to lobby the city manager and the City Council to reject me because I had supported an anti-N.R.A. position." Bergstrom did not get the job.

In October 1987, Bergstrom went to Tarpon Springs to help out as interim chief. The City Council offered him the job on a permanent basis. However, before Council members voted to confirm the appointment, the N.R.A. got wind of it and sent several hundred mailgrams to members in the area urging them to oppose Bergstrom. The gunmen besieged the Council and Bergstrom's appointment seemed jeopardized. "I called a press conference and explained what happened in Oak Park," he says. "Then I went through the same explanation to the City Council the next day. I was able to ask, 'Does the Chief of Police enforce the law as passed by the City Council or does he enforce the law as preferred or interpreted by the N.R.A.?'" The Council defied the association and the local opposition and hired Bergstrom.

The N.R.A. may be in for many more such defeats. John Aquilino, who was pushed out of his P.R. job in 1986, describes an organization whose 350-person staff is demoralized and split into factions. Much of the infighting sounds like personality squabbles or power plays for control of an estimated $100 million in assets and the right to distribute the association's substantial PAC fund. But Aquilino contends that at least part of the quarreling is over policy. According to him, Cassidy loathes machine-gun owners and approves of firearm legislation in general. Aquilino says Cassidy also has made statements indicating that he might accept the seven-day waiting period for handgun purchases. Cassidy flatly denies Aquilino's contention. "There is no one on the staff and no one on the board of directors who advocates waiting periods," he says.

Even if that is so, one thing is certain: When the more than 20,000 delegates gather for the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association in St. Louis on April 28, they will be hunkered down as never before, knowing that the prospects for gun control in the United States have never been better. □

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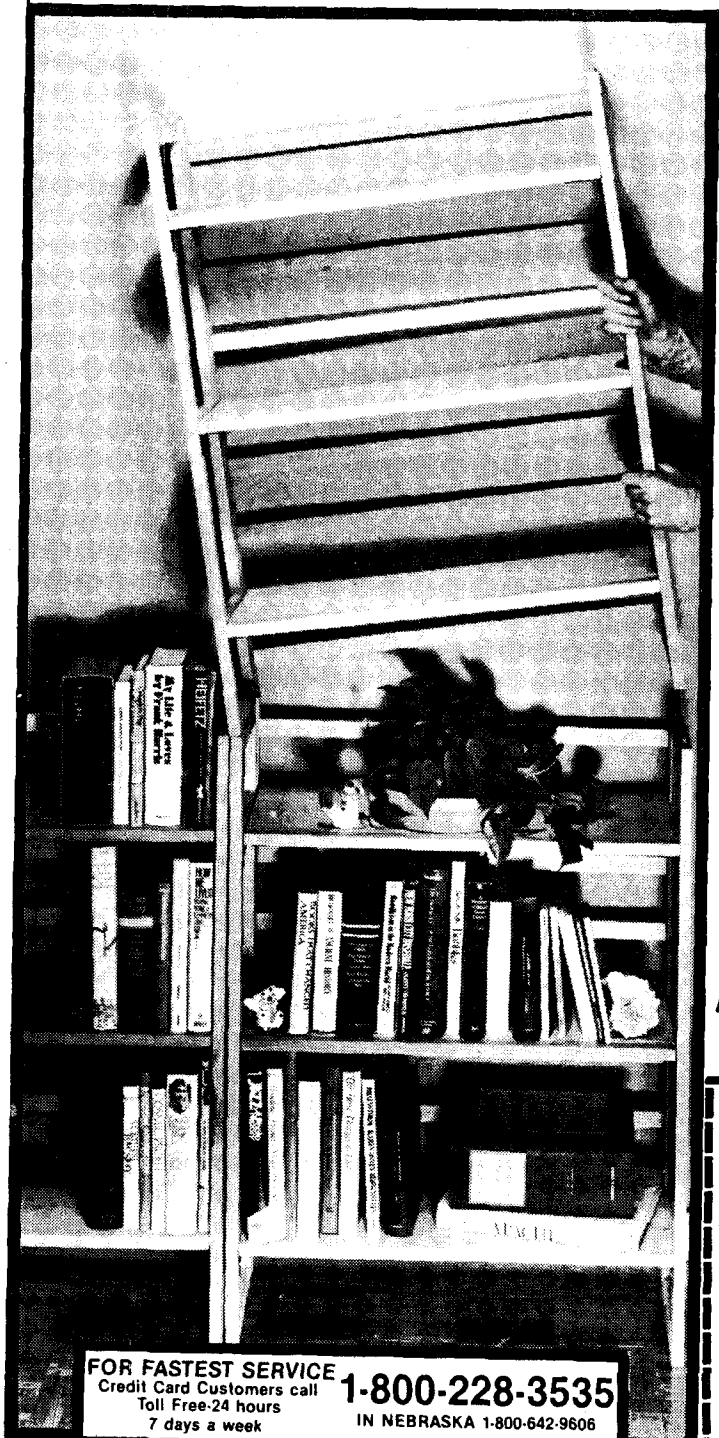

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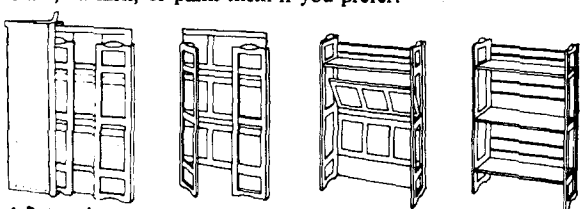

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Bye Bye Billy

JOHN LEONARD

BILLY BATHGATE. *By E.L. Doctorow. Random House. 323 pp. $19.95.*

To the radical politics of *The Book of Daniel*, the revisionist history of *Ragtime* and the collective, elegiac American dream worlds of *Loon Lake* and *World's Fair*, E.L. Doctorow has added some amazing grace and made a masterwork. Though *Billy Bathgate* meditates on many matters—mobsters and orphans, the East Bronx and the Great Depression, the politics of sex and the psychology of class, "how a ritual death tampers with the universe" and "the amphibian journey" from desire to identity—think of it, like Horatio Alger's *Ragged Dick* or F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, as a fairy tale about capitalism. And color it wonderful.

Of course, this capitalism is in its first stages of primitive accumulation, by extortion, murder and the numbers racket. The gangster Dutch Schultz dies of his failure to evolve into the higher, monopolistic forms. Dutch lacks the corporate vision of a Lucky Luciano. Still, like the church, the army, trade unions and professional sports, organized crime has always been a launching pad for the upwardly mobile. And dirty money is the medium through which young Billy in 1935 levitates out of boyhood and the Bronx into "a large, empty resounding adulthood booming with terror" and "even greater circles of gangsterdom than I had dreamed, latitudes and longitudes of gangsterdom." This is the modern world, where everybody lives alienated ever after.

Billy is a 15-year-old high school dropout and amateur juggler. His immigrant Jewish father abandoned him in infancy. His immigrant Irish mother, who works in a laundry, is the neighborhood crazy. ("When I was little I thought all rugs were in the shape of men's suits and trousers. She had nailed his suit to the floor as if it was the fur of some game animal, a bearskin." Their apartment smells of burning wax, "the smoke of wicks" from guttered candles: "Now when I looked behind me into the kitchen it was illuminated with my mother's memory candles, this one room glittering like an opera house in all the falling darkness . . . and I wondered if my big chance hadn't a longer history than I thought.") Like any Horatio Alger hero, he wants glamour, status, a destiny, "the mythological change of my station." Just listen to him:

> there was something in me that might earn out, that might grow into the lineaments of honor, so that a discerning teacher or some other act of God, might turn up the voltage of this one brain to a power of future life that everyone in the Bronx could be proud of. I mean that to the more discerning adult, the man I didn't know and didn't know ever noticed me who might live in my building or see me in the candy store, or in the schoolyard, I would be one of the possibilities of redemption, that there was some wit in the way I moved, some lovely intelligence in an unconscious gesture of the game, that would give him this objective sense of hope for a moment, quite unattached to any loyalty of his own, that there was always a chance, that as bad as things were, America was a big juggling act and that we could all be kept up in the air somehow, and go around not from hand to hand, but from light to dark, from night to day, in the universe of God after all.

But fairy tales in the West tend also to be Oedipal. Billy wants a father, too, and in gangsterdom he has his choice. There's bossman Dutch, born Arthur Flegenheimer, all passion, energy, menace and "rudeness of power," a sort of bad-seed Henderson the Rain King. And there's Abbadabba Berman, the gang's accountant, a natural pedagogue, wise in his numbers, a dandy even if a humpback in his "summer yellow double-breasted suit and a panama hat."

Dutch is capitalism's past: social Darwinism. He moves in a "realm of high audacity," "contriving a life from its property of danger, putting it together in the constant contemplation of death," in "an independent kingdom of his own law, not society's." The law, he says, "is the vigorish I pay, the law is my overhead." Each hit's "a planned business murder as concise and to the point as a Western Union telegram. The victim after all had been in the business. He was the competition." And this laissez faire attitude toward the morality of economic relations translates into an equally laissez faire attitude toward the economy of moral conduct: "I like the idea of women, I like that you can pick them up like shells on the beach, they are all over the place, little pink ones and ones with whorls you can hear the ocean." Even his sudden conversion to Catholicism has this greed about it: "I give you my word I couldn't be more sincere, Father. I brought it up, didn't I? I live a difficult life. I make important decisions all the time. I need strength. I see men I know take their strength from their faith and I have to think I need that strength too. I fear for my life like all men. I wonder what it's all for. I try to be generous, I try to be good. But I like the idea of that extra edge."

On the other hand, Abbadabba Berman is capitalism's future: the managerial revolution. Having seen this future, he knows it belongs to Luciano. It's like railroads: "You look at the railroads, they used to be a hundred railroad companies cutting each other's throats. Now how many are there? One to each section of the country. And on top of that they got a trade association to smooth their way in Washington. Everything nice and quiet, everything streamlined." Besides, according to Abbadabba:

> At a certain point everyone looks at the books. The numbers don't lie. They read the numbers, they see what only makes sense. It's like numbers are language, like all the letters in the language are turned into numbers, and so it's something that everyone understands the same way. You lose the sounds of the letters and whether they click or pop or touch the palate, or go *ooh* or *aah*, and anything that can be misread or con you with its music or the pictures it puts in your mind, all of that is gone, along with the accent, and you have a new understanding entirely, a language of numbers, and everything becomes as clear to everyone as the writing on the wall.

It's Billy's juggling—of a barter economy of "two rubber balls, a navel orange, an egg, and a black stone"—that first commends him as a "capable boy" to a troubled Dutchman and Abbadabba. He insinuates himself into the Schultz gang as a bagman, go-between, good-luck charm, sorcerer's apprentice and spy. He'll be there for the tugboat murder of Bo Weinberg singing "Bye Bye Blackbird" in tuxedo and cement booties; the kidnap of Bo's upper-class inamorata, the fair Drew Preston; their grumpy hiding-out in Onondaga, upstate among farm fore-

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closures, till Dutch is tried for income tax evasion; the protracted planning, as if for Kitchener's advance on Khartoum, of a hit on District Attorney Tom Dewey; and in the men's room of the Palace Chop House in Newark on October 23, 1935, for the tabloid massacre: "Murders are exciting and lift people into a heart-beating awe as religion is supposed to do."

As in any fairy tale, the hero will scale a dark tower, in this case the fire escape at the Max and Dora Diamond Home for Children, "the black ladder of my love." He'll don various magic cloaks: the reversible satin jacket with the team name, Shadows, on it; the Little Lord Fauntleroy suit Drew makes him wear for his upstate Bible studies of "the desert gangs"; the polo shirt he puts on to tail Dewey. He'll rescue a fair maiden, though not without a qualm: "How could I be sure of anything if I didn't know everything, I wanted a moving shield around her, like a fountain of juggled balls, like a thousand whirring jump ropes, like fireworks of flowers and the lives of innocent rich children." And he'll find a buried treasure, "pirate swag," by deconstructing the last words, "an insane man's riddle," of the dying Dutch.

There's also an enchanted wood, a "sinking darkness of forest" where Drew and Billy walk "hand in hand like fairy-tale children in deep and terrible trouble." And a sacred cave, the cellar of the orphanage, where Arnold Garbage is in business "to love what was broken, torn, peeling. . . . To love what didn't work." And an evil wizard: "I was shown into a carpeted heavily draped bedroom that smelled of apples and wine and shaving lotion, a very atmospheric habitat that did not appear to include any open windows. And there propped atop the covers on a grand bank of pillows, in a dark silk robe, with the hairless legs of an old man protruding, was James J. Hines himself, the Tammany district leader." And a pair of gnomes, humpbacked Abbadabba and midget madam Mugsy, adding up the bill for an orgy "like a stunty little couple in a fairy tale, an old woodcutter and his ancient wife puffing their magic white weeds of smoke and child mystification and having a conversation in their language of numbers."

Why do you suppose gangsters show up so often in the novels of serious male writers like Doctorow, William Kennedy and Saul Bellow? Maybe because, to the immigrant trying to Americanize himself, one myth is as good as another—baseball, Hollywood, Tin Pan Alley, Murder Inc. Or maybe it's otherwise hard to think about our American romance with money—the unmentionable in Henry James, the ponderous obsession of Dreiser, the peculiar poetry of Fitzgerald. Lionel Trilling said somewhere that money is "the great solvent of the solid social fabric of the old society," the jumping beans of a new culture and a new status system. And surely its absence is an oppression. Yet, for the most part ours is a literature of loners and losers. We can't talk about serious money from the point of view of deer-slayers, whaling captains, river pirates or the Lone Ranger—not even a private eye, not even Huck Finn. And so, sorting among pop icons, we arrive at the urban outlaw. We drop, as if by bathysphere, into the primordial greed and consult the original crab. We inquire into metastasis.

Doctorow has as much fun as Kennedy, and more than Bellow, among these low-lifes. He seems especially to enjoy their mannered violence, their arabesques. To be sure, he writes beautifully about everything from food and water to sex and horses, from corrupt unions to the country poor, from "the contours of the ocean bed" to "the contours of the white Miss Drew." As Billy levitates by money, Doctorow levitates by language, through circles of light and suspensions of childhood, the deepest chords and finest blood threads, on his way from the cityscapes "where we come out sliming . . . where we . . . make our tracks and do our dances and leave our coprolitic spires" to "the black mountains of high winds and no rain," where moral awareness waits in ambush.

But to the executions of a West Side numbers boss (in a barbershop, after the hot towel has been applied, "wrapping it the way they do like a custard swirl, so that only the tip of the nose is visible") and "Bye Bye" Weinberg (dainty "as some princess at a ball" on the tugboat, placing one foot at a time in the tub of wet cement, which "made a slow-witted diagram of the sea outside, the slab of it shifting to and fro as the boat rose and fell on the waves"), he brings such fierce relish, such lovely precision, that we either blush or gasp. The absurd is dignified.

And yet Doctorow obviously doesn't *like* these gangsters as much as Kennedy and Bellow seem to. It's as if, for all their "supernatural warrior spirit," they'd somehow let him down. Unlike the bootleg dreamer Gatsby, they don't know what to do with the money once they've got it:

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"It was all for survival, there was no relaxed indolence of [their] right to it." And so Doctorow takes the poetry of their money, their imaginative capital, and gives it to the white Miss Drew. For Doctorow, as much as for the smitten Billy, Drew Preston, half a tourist in the underworld and half Persephone, is what the magic of money is really all about. Which is why Billy must rescue her from a Dutch who "needed more death, he was using up his deaths so quickly now he needed them faster and faster"—like Third World markets. Of Drew, Billy rhapsodizes:

> I don't mean just her free access as a great beauty to the most advanced realms of power and depravity, she had chosen this life for herself when, perhaps for her same reasons of staring meditation, she might have chosen life in a convent, say, or to be an actress on the stage. I mean rather how she knew this place would be here. How familiar woods were to her. She knew about horses . . . about sailing and oceans too, and beaches to swim from with no crowds on them and skiing in the European mountains of the Alps and in fact all the pleasures of the planet, all the free rides of the planet that you could have if you knew where they were and had the training to take them. This was what wealth was, the practiced knowledge of these things so you could appropriate them for yourself.

This tiresomely insouciant Miss Drew, American aristocrat, golden girl, Daisy chain, "covered her tracks . . .trailed no history . . . would never tell her life because she needed no one's admiration or sympathy or wonder, and because all judgments, including love, came of a language of complacency she had never wasted her time to master." So what if "she took her clothes off to gunmen, to water, to the sun"? "Life disrobed her." And so on. This is why we kill our fathers. It's also an awful lot for any 22-year-old to have to carry around in any novel's scheme of things. No wonder she disappears. It's a vanishing act, like Alan Ladd's in *Shane*. The white Miss Drew seems to me to be not so much a woman, not even a Persephone, as a credit card, by means of which Billy is enabled to multiply his opportunities for social and erotic disappointment. In her, sex and money and Freud and Marx are more mixed-up than Leslie Fiedler, than Herbert Marcuse. And hard as it is to believe in *her*, the baby in a basket is impossible.

Never mind. Doctorow's whole point is to call into question the authenticity of Billy's identity-making, his juggling act. So much for the "metaphysical afflictions" that inspire "art, invention, great fortunes, and the murderous rages of the disordered spirit." The Dutchman dies, going out with a tantrum, a delirium. And so, too, does Abbadabba die, though *his* last words are the combination of a lock. And Billy sees, through a boy's eyes in the animal skin of grown-up language:

> I am resentful, I feel fatherless again, a whole new wave of fatherlessness, that they have gone so suddenly, as if there were no history of our life together in the gang, as if discourse is an illusion, and the sequence of this happened and then that happened and I said and he said was only Death's momentary incredulity, Death staying his hand a moment in incredulity of our arrogance, that we actually believed ourselves to consequentially exist, as if we were something that did not snuff out from one instant to the next, leaving nothing of ourselves as considerable as a thread of smoke, or the resolved silence at the end of a song.

That's Doctorow talking, the Doctorow who improves Dutch's delirium—that mad death-bed pastiche William Burroughs arranged into a screenplay in *The Last Words of Dutch Schultz*—with a little Lear-like rage, some Molly Bloom and some Long John Silver. But he warns us:

> While this monologue of his own murder is a cryptic passion, it is not poetry, the fact is he lived as a gangster and spoke as a gangster and when he died bleeding from the sutured holes in his chest he died of the gangsterdom of his mind as it flowed from him, he died dispensing himself in utterance, as if death is chattered-out being, or as if all we are made of is words and when we die the soul of speech decants itself into the universe.

For Doctorow, language is the agency of moral awareness. Moral awareness is the content of any serious discourse. This works for a writer of his quality, and for Toni Morrison, and almost nobody else. Is it sufficient for Billy? His decoding of the Dutchman's "cryptic passion" will make Billy rich. (Happy is some other category.) But to do what? An adult Billy isn't saying. "Who I am in my majority and what I do, and whether I am in the criminal trades or not, and where and how I live must remain my secret because I have a certain renown." Among the several endings to this subversive fairy tale—a mother rescued from her "distractions," a lovely hymn to the Bronx that was, a surprise package from Persephone—we are encouraged to choose for ourselves the one we need. I found a bitter chocolate sadness in Billy's floating, his tumble in freefall, his vertigo among the memory candles. He tells us:

> I will confess that I have many times since my investiture sought to toss all the numbers up in the air and let them fall back into letters, so that a new book would emerge, in a new language of being. It was what Mr. Berman said might someday come to pass, the perverse proposition of a numbers man, to throw them away and all their imagery, the cuneiform, the hieroglyphic, the calculus, and the speed of light, the whole numbers and fractions, the rational and irrational numbers, the numbers for the infinite and the numbers of nothing. But I have done it and done it and always it falls into the same Billy Bathgate I made of myself and must seemingly always be, and I am losing the faith it is a trick that can be done.

America by the numbers: a counting-house.

It seems to me that Billy—like Bo Weinberg in concrete on the tugboat, like the window washers falling from the midtown skyscraper because they didn't pay their dues, like his own lost father in the long history of the big chance, like the Max and Dora Diamond orphans—is singing "Bye Bye Blackbird." Once upon a time he'd had a huge heart, our Billy, Billy Budd, Huck Finn, call him Ishmael; but they broke it forever. □

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Down on the Farm

JIM SCHWAB

THE LAW OF THE LAND: Two Hundred Years of American Farmland Policy. *By John Opie. University of Nebraska Press. 231 pp. $25.95.*

FAMILY FARMING: A New Economic Vision. *By Marty Strange. University of Nebraska Press and the Institute for Food and Development Policy. 311 pp. $18.95.*

Rural America could have been a vastly different place, according to historian John Opie's account in *The Law of the Land.* In parts of New England, as in the European farming communities of many of our immigrant forebears, farm families lived in a village center, with plots scattered throughout the nearby countryside. Typically, and with ecological logic, those plots also followed the contours of the land, with its riverbeds, forests and hills. But when the Midwest was being divided and sold, the Founding Fathers arranged a grid pattern that facilitated speculation by allowing land to be sold as squares on a piece of paper. George Washington was among the speculators, acquiring more than 32,000 acres in the Ohio country, and, as Opie notes, drawing fire from Thomas Jefferson, advocate of the small landholder, who predicted a "long-term conflict between public good and private profit."

America has never fully resolved the conflict Jefferson foresaw, and both Opie and Marty Strange, author of *Family Farming: A New Economic Vision*, make that conflict their theme. Opie uses it to review the 200-year history of U.S. farm policy. The government has waffled, at times offering egalitarian land ownership opportunities like the 1862 Homestead Act, at other times favoring short-term profit or spurious squatter claims, and callously dispossessing minorities, native Americans and poor dirt farmers. Now we have reached the crossroads: The family farm is on the ropes because of price-depressing surpluses, and technology has given us the capacity to produce far beyond our own needs. But we have yet to muster the political consensus to deal with surplus and its attendant problems of erosion and chemical contamination of the soil and groundwater. Private property is still understood to entail the right of unlimited production.

Opie and Strange survey the developments in American agriculture from two quite different but Olympian vantage points. Opie, a professor of history, cautions that the fundamental dilemma is inherently political: The fairest way to allocate the responsibility for reducing crop production and conserving soil is through mandatory programs, which have always been controversial. Voluntary programs inexorably lead to higher expenses for those who comply. Adding a note of urgency, Opie quotes an Iowa soil conservation official: "If you let the market do it, we'll keep destroying the soil until we run out of food. . . . The public ought to pay a farmer to take care of his soil."

Strange, a co-founder and co-director of the Center for Rural Affairs, in Walthill, Nebraska, is not a farm activist but an activist concerned about the family farm. The distinction, however semantic it may seem, lies at the heart of his ability to ask tough questions—and his failure to grasp the dynamics of the farm protest movement, a major flaw in an otherwise respectable volume.

Strange takes special pride in challenging the central demand of that movement as it has evolved in the last five years: higher farm price supports coupled with mandatory production controls. In simple terms, that program, which is embodied in Senator Tom Harkin's proposed Family Farm Act, would let farmers vote on adopting mandatory limits on the volume of certain commodities they could market, in exchange for which the government would use the commodity loan programs to establish much higher prices for those products. In Strange's view, that solution is too easy, and avoids the hard questions about the values and practices of American family farmers.

"We don't have any blueprint for the future," Strange told journalist J. Tevere MacFadyen, as quoted in MacFadyen's 1984 book, *Gaining Ground: The Renewal of America's Small Farms.* "The Center [for Rural Affairs] spends much more time trying to ask the right questions than it does trying to come up with answers." Since then, of course, it has become painfully apparent that family farm advocates had *better* have answers, and soon, or the questions—and the farms—may become moot.

To his credit, Strange has sought to move beyond that gadfly role to come up with proactive solutions to the farm crisis. Most of these show considerable intellectual depth and a noteworthy ability to master the bewildering intricacies of cause and effect in Federal farm policy. He dissects the impact of Federal tax law on farmland investment and corporate farming practices, and knows where to apply the reformer's scalpel to excise economic (and ecological) injustice. An example: Nebraska's semiarid Sandhills had long been a suitable location for little except cattle grazing. But changes in the Federal tax laws in the 1970s made center-pivot irrigation—which sprinkles underground water on corn crops through a rotating sprayer—eligible for investment tax credits and accelerated depreciation. Where "landscaping" might be needed to eliminate such obstacles as steep hills, "conservation" expenses were deductible; this created an incentive to develop the worst land because the resulting increase in value produced greater tax breaks. Yet center-pivot irrigation, often used with chemicals ("chemigation"), undermined the weak Sandhill soil's ability to resist the area's stiff winds. Local lenders poured money into such ventures until declining crop prices knocked the bottom out several years ago. Local ranchers were left holding the bag when their banks and farm credit cooperatives were liquidated.

Strange is at his best when analyzing the relationships of capital and labor in farming, when warning of the seductive danger to family farmers of buying into poorly considered technological "advances" and when examining the sometimes byzantine effects of farm credit institutions and laws. (Strange notes, for example, that in many states a borrower declared to be in default has no right to bring the loan current by paying only the amount overdue. The result is a farmer totally at the mercy of the creditor.)

What is troubling is Strange's opposition to raised price supports coupled with mandatory production controls, not so much because it has set him on a collision course with most of the progressive farm movement (though that has serious political implications) but because his logic on this one major issue is almost as convoluted as some of the policies he decries. For starters, it is not enough

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merely to say that a solution is "too easy" and avoids the hard questions. It is true that higher prices are a very obvious goal for many family farmers, but for good reason. Indebted farmers, after all, can pay their debts only with money.

Price supports are a central issue with farm organizations because prices largely determine income, and net income determines viability. It is true that higher prices will not solve all the problems of the family farm, and that dealing only with farm prices may result in a short-term victory, but any political movement needs a starting point. Survival is that starting point for the farm movement. Furthermore, the prices farmers receive for their raw materials are in many ways a barometer of the farmers' political and economic power vis-à-vis the major food corporations. Anyone who doubts that need only consider the plight of Southern chicken farmers, who lost their independence years ago and now work as mere vassals of the poultry-processing giants. If Strange were simply to caution the farm movement not to *stop* after winning higher price supports, his point would be well taken—and well supported by farm movement leaders.

Much like neoliberals who disdain the everyday struggles of labor unions, Strange simply does not sense the political struggle inherent in farmers' choice of production controls tied to higher prices as their primary goal. Neoliberal ideologues have had a propensity for attacking labor union "greed" and ossification, implying that the unions need to resolve longstanding philosophical questions to their critics' satisfaction before pursuing wage increases for their members. Only those with the luxury of standing above the battle can so easily dismiss the needs and motivations of people struggling for economic survival. Philosophical issues are nice, but even the most radical labor organizers have always recognized that jobs and paychecks come first in building a movement. And without a viable farm movement, most of Strange's proposals on other issues will be either politically stillborn or, worse, may simply be imposed on farmers by outside interests with dubious motives. Such imperatives inevitably tempt farmers to attack the wrong people—environmentalists, for example—as enemies.

Strange argues, however, that price supports and production controls have often benefited larger producers proportionally more than the smaller ones. There is an odd ring of truth here, but again, it is somewhat akin to criticizing organized labor for winning larger increases for skilled workers than it has ever won for the unorganized. The solution is not to bring the machinists down to the level of the hamburger flippers. There will be a market price for corn, and Federal price supports play a major role in establishing a floor for that market. Farmers producing more will earn more, but under the Harkin plan farmers themselves would impose a ceiling on what all farmers could produce and market. Historically, participants in voluntary acreage set-asides have tended to be those most in need of the income subsidies that served as the incentive. They have also tended to flood chemicals on the acres they were allowed to use in order to maximize production. That would not be possible under the Harkin plan, which would control the volume of crops marketed. No longer would the largest producers act as freeloaders, benefiting from the prices established through others' sacrifices, much like nonmembers of union bargaining units in right-to-work states. With both production controls to limit price-depressing surpluses and a high enough price to give farmers a longer planning horizon, it would be possible for them to wean themselves systematically from their dependency on chemicals. At that point, more advanced programs to achieve a transition to a more ecologically responsible mode of agriculture could be implemented.

Most significant, however, is Strange's failure to consider the price issue in an international context. The United States virtually sets the prices in world trade of most major commodities—corn, wheat, cotton, soybeans. Those prices, in turn, dramatically affect the living standards of raw-materials producers throughout the non-Communist world and aggravate the Third World debt crisis. Deeply indebted producer nations, earning less foreign exchange for their farm products, must either dump more commodities on an already depressed world market—even while their own people tighten their belts—or eventually repudiate those debts as unmanageable. The solution is not in their hands but in ours. We must take responsibility for it. □

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ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Andy Warhol

It is possible—I would argue that it is necessary—to explain the history of art through the past century as a collective investigation by artists into the philosophical nature of art. The significant art of this extraordinary period accordingly has to be assessed as much on grounds of speculative theory as on those of aesthetic discrimination. "Beginning with van Gogh," Picasso said to Françoise Gilot, "however great we may be, we are all, in a measure, autodidacts—you might almost say primitive painters." It was as if each artist was at the beginning of a new era opened up by his own theories. Picasso had supposed that he and Braque had done something more important in Cubism than to have made some works of art: He believed they had created a style of art that would compose a new canon, sparing those who followed them the need to define the essence of art. For a time, neither of them even signed their works—one does not sign a theory—and when Cubism failed to bring back the sense of order, Picasso tried one thing after another, inventing whole art-historical periods that he alone occupied. I recall when Abstract Expressionism was deemed the new paradigm, destined to last for as long at least as the tradition which came to its end in Impressionism. It was the collapse of that faith with the advent of Pop, rather than the irreverence and brashness of Pop Art itself, that disillusioned so many artists in the early 1960s who believed that they knew what art was. Pop violated every component of their theory and somehow remained art. And so the quest went on.

"Art?" Warhol once asked in response to the inevitable question, "Isn't that a man's name?" Well, suppose we think of the century as Art's heroic-comic quest for his own identity, his true self, as it were, and the artworks of the century as Art's discarded theories, which may have

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had coincidentally some redeeming aesthetic merit. (Art's peradventurous history would resemble that of his second cousin Geist, as comically narrated in Hegel's side-splitting *Bildungsroman*, *Phänomenologie des Geistes*.) That would mean that no artist could be taken seriously who did not, as part of whatever he or she made by way of negotiable works, play a role in Art's stumbling search. So the history of Art proceeds on two levels: as a sequence of objects and as a sequence of enfranchising theories for those objects.

The story has its high and low moments, but it would not be easy to tell, always, from an inspection of the objects alone, without reference to the theories through which they must be interpreted, whether they marked high moments or low. Thus the objects might be pretty unprepossessing and yet specify important stages in Art's coming to philosophical terms with himself. Few aesthetes would be stopped dead in their tracks by certain of Duchamp's blank ready-mades—his grooming comb, his snow shovel—but they are climactic moments in the epic. And few would expect from the crashing tautologies of the 1950s—"Painting is painting, the action of spreading paint"—the opulent glory of the Abstract Expressionist objects they so inadequately characterize. Clement Greenberg's identification of paintings with the flatness of their surfaces went perfectly well with the canonical works his theory championed (and in some cases generated). But except by denouncing as "not really art" everything that failed this austere and reductive definition, Greenberg was unable to characterize anything *except* the canonical work.

Bitter as the truth may be to those who dismissed him as a shallow opportunist and glamour fiend, the greatest contribution to this history was made by Andy Warhol, to my mind the nearest thing to a philosophical genius the history of art has produced. It was Warhol himself who revealed as merely accidental most of the things his predecessors supposed essential to art, and who carried the discussion as far as it could go without passing over into pure philosophy. He brought the history to an end by demonstrating that no visual criterion could serve the purpose of defining art, and hence that Art, confined to visual criteria, could not solve his personal problem through art-making alone. Warhol achieved this, I think, with the celebrated Brillo boxes he exhibited a quarter-century ago at Eleanor Ward's Stable Gallery in New York.

A great deal more was achieved through the Brillo boxes than this, to be sure, but what was most striking about them was that they looked sufficiently like their counterparts in supermarket stockrooms that the differences between them could hardly be of a kind to explain why they were art and their counterparts merely cheap containers for scouring pads. It was not necessary to fool anyone. It was altogether easy to tell those boxes turned out by Warhol's Factory from those manufactured by whatever factory it was that turned out corrugated cardboard cartons. Warhol did not himself make the boxes, nor did he paint them. But when they were displayed, stacked up in the back room of the gallery, two questions were inevitable: What was it in the history of art that made this gesture not only possible at this time but inevitable? And, closely connected with this, Why were *these* boxes art when their originals were just boxes? With these two questions posed, a century of deflected philosophical investigation came to an end, and artists were liberated to enter the post-philosophical phase of modernism free from the obligation of self-scrutiny.

Warhol was, appropriately, the first to set foot in this free moral space. There followed a period of giddy self-indulgence and absolute pluralism in which pretty much anything went. In an interview in 1963, Warhol said, "How can you say one style is better than another? You ought to be able to be an Abstract Expressionist next week, or a Pop artist, or a realist, without feeling you've given up something." Who can fail to believe that, in art at least, the stage had been attained that Marx forecast for history as a whole, in which we can "do one thing today and another tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening, criticize after dinner, just as I have a mind, without ever becoming hunter, fisherman, shepherd or critic." Its social correlate was the Yellow Submarine of Warhol's silver-lined loft, where one could be straight in the morning, gay in the afternoon, a transsexual superstar in the evening and a polymorphic rock singer after taking drugs.

It has at times been urged as an argument against Warhol's extreme originality that Duchamp did it before, inasmuch as there also is little to distinguish one of his ready-mades from the mere object he transfigured by appropriation. But it is the shallowest order of art criticism to say that something has been done before. Two historical moments can resemble each other outwardly while being internally as different as the snow shovel that is a work of art is from one that is a mere tool for clearing sidewalks.

In the early days of Pop, artists were taking over images wherever they found them. Roy Lichtenstein was sued for using a diagram from a famous book on Cézanne. Warhol was sued by the photographer whose image he used and modified in his marvelous flower paintings of 1967. (And I think a suit was threatened by the artist, in fact an Abstract Expressionist, who designed the Brillo carton.) The flower paintings mark a later phase, but in the classic moment of Pop, it was essential to the enterprise that the images be so familiar that "stealing" them was impossible: They belonged to the iconography of everyday life, like the American flag, the dollar sign, the soup label, the before-and-after shots of transformed faces and physiques. These were wrenched out of their locus in the universal language of signs and given the power of art while retaining their own native power as symbols. Duchamp's objects were often arcane and chosen for their aesthetic blandness. Warhol's were chosen for their absolute familiarity and semiotic potency. It was not merely that Brillo pads were part of every household, as the Campbell's Soup can was part of every kitchen—the one item likely to be found in the barest cupboard, by contrast, say, with a can of artichoke hearts or of pickled quail's eggs—but beyond that, the cardboard container was ubiquitous, disposable and part of Americans' itinerant mode of life. It was the container of choice for shipping and storing books, dishes, clothing, or for bringing kittens home in. It was what everyone threw away.

Duchamp's gestures of 1913-17 were jokes. They were evidence that Art had evolved to a point where Anti-Art was his own doppelgänger. As part of Dada, the ready-made was a kind of thumbed nose at the pretentiousness of art in the scheme of exalted values that just happened to be responsible for World War I. But artistically, really, it was a snigger from the margins. With Warhol, the gesture was mainstream: This was what Art had evolved into by 1964, when his search reached its end. Moreover, it was a celebration rather than a criticism of

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contemporary life, which is partly why Warhol was so instantly popular. Everyone had been saying how awful contemporary culture was, and here was the most advanced artist of the time saying it was really wonderful—saying, as Warhol in effect did, "Hey, I like it here." Finally, it can be argued that the two moments of Duchamp and Warhol reverse the in-any-case arbitrary Marxian order—a farce the first time around, something deeper and more tragic the second.

There is a contingent of Brillo boxes at the great Warhol retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City (until May 2), and it was a joy to see them again after so many years. But I could not help but reflect, as I stood for a moment in contemplation (Aristotle is shown contemplating the bust of Homer, but Danto . . .), how different it was to see them as part of an achieved corpus from what it had been to see them in 1964, when they defined the living edge of art history. I have the most vivid recollection of that show, and of the feeling of lightheartedness and delight people evinced as they marveled at the piles of boxes, laughing as they bought a few and carried them out in clear plastic bags. They didn't cost very much, and I believe it was part of Warhol's intention that it should be possible for people to own the art that so perfectly embodied the life it reflected: I bought one of the flower prints for $5 or $10 from a stack of them at Castelli's. (The opening night crowd at the retrospective evidently felt moved by this intention when they sought to walk away with some of the silver pillows that decorated MoMA's ceiling, to the consternation of the museum guards.)

Fascinated as he was by money, it must have shocked Warhol that his work became so pricey: The thought of a painting of Coca-Cola bottles going for $1.43 million at auction is a real-life cartoon, something that would have aroused some mild amusement had it been drawn for *The New Yorker* twenty years ago. Warhol was fairly tight, as might be expected of a Depression child, but he was not, like Dali, avid for dollars ("Salvador Dali = Avida Dollars" was the famous anagram). Arne Ekstrom once told me that he commissioned some art made with hat forms from a number of artists, and afterward decided to purchase some of the works. One artist, quite famous, wanted $5,000, a lot of money at the time. Warhol said he could have his for 2 cents, which he raised to 3 cents because of the arithmetic involved in paying his dealer a commission. (He cashed the check.)

For many of us, the excitement of the current Warhol show is in part the memory of the excitement of seeing the artist's amazing career unfold from exhibit to exhibit through the 1960s and 1970s. In compensation, seeing it all spread before us, synchronically, as it were, one has available the priceless gift of retrospection, through which we can see where Warhol was heading—invisible, of course, until he got there. I particularly cherish, for example, the fascinating transitional pieces from the early 1960s, such as the Dick Tracy paintings, in which there is a powerful tension between style and subject. There are unmistakable comic-strip personages, down to the word-balloons, but the hard commercial-style drawing wars with the Expressionist paint, as the commonplace imagery wars with the high romanticism of Expressionist art. Everyone is familiar with the story about Warhol showing Emile de Antonio two Coca-Cola bottles, one done in the flat laconic manner of the newspaper graphic, the other in the flamboyant brushy style, and asking which road he should follow when he had already, by presenting that choice, taken the road to Pop. Dick Tracy, like Warhol's Popeye or Nancy or Superman, belongs to that wonderful period of 1957-64, in which Art was putting aside his romantic phase and entering his minimalist-conceptual-philosophical phase. The Dick Tracy paintings belonged to a future no one could know about when they were shown, and experiencing them today is something like walking through one of those late Romanesque churches, like St. Severin in Paris—that church the Cubists so loved—built at a time when architects were evolving a still-not-well-understood Gothic style.

There is a further compensation. At the opening I had a moment's conversation with a young critic, Deborah Solomon. She expressed the view that Warhol had peaked in the early 1960s, precisely in the Dick Tracy paintings and their peers. I responded that Warhol always peaked, but on reflection it occurred to me that she was privileged in a way I was not, to be able to see Dick Tracy as a painting rather than as a transitional document, and hence aesthetically rather than historically. This show gives us perhaps our first glimpse of Warhol as an artist, and for the first time a perspective on his work is opened up from the standpoint of the future, so that we can see it as we see, for example, the work of the Impressionists or the Sienese masters. The organizers of this exhibition are displaying Warhol as if he had already passed the test of time, as he must have to the sensibility of young people who address his work simply as work.

In truth, I am not certain that I know what it is to view Warhol's creations disinterestedly and from across an aesthetic distance. Nor do I know to what degree an artist so vehemently part of the consciousness of his own time can be detached from that consciousness and held up for critical scrutiny. Lately, art historians have been seeking to restore the Impressionists to their own temporal situation, as if they have so completely stood the test of time that we can no longer see the life to which they were responsive and are blind to the deep human content of their work. The question for me is to what degree it is even possible to see Warhol now in the tenseless light of pure art. And this raises the further question of whether, when there is no longer an audience that shares beforehand the images that compose these works from the 1960s, that is in effect a community *because* it shares those images as part of itself, there really will be much left of the power of the work.

What Warhol had not computed into his fifteen minutes of fame was the curatorial obligation to regard artworks as eternal objects, subject to a timeless delectation. Warhol enjoyed making "time capsules," sweeping up into cardboard cartons the ephemera and detritus of common life. But really, his whole output is a kind of time capsule precisely because of those features that set it apart from the impulses of Dada, especially the celebration of the commonplace. How will all this be perceived when the commonplace is no longer commonplace—when the Brillo people, as they are certain to do, change the design of the packaging? Suppose the old familiar Brillo cartons get to be collector's items and a market emerges for unopened cartons with their original scouring pads intact. Or that corrugated paper becomes a camp item in its own right, like bakelite, the technology of packing having moved on to generalized bubble wraps with little stickers to identify content.

Warhol said, "The Pop artist did images that anybody walking down Broadway could recognize in a split second . . . all the great modern things that the Abstract Expressionists tried so hard not to notice at all." But privileging the commonplace

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depends upon its being ubiquitous, so that only an absolute stranger would not know what, if an image, it is an image of. All Warhol's images in the early works were of this order, and part of the pleasure of his art is in having these utterly banal forms lifted out of the plane of daily intercourse and elevated to the status of art, a kind of revolutionary reversal. The thought of the Brillo box in the art gallery connects with the American ideal of people in high places being still just folks (cf. Barbara Bush). But not only are these images instantly identified: They condense the whole emotional tone of life, of the consciousness in which those who know them participate. A person who has to have Marilyn—or Jackie or Elvis or Liz or Superman—identified is an outsider. Those faces belong with the Campbell's Soup label, the S&H Green Stamps, or Mona Lisa, since everyone knows her. But what happens when there is not this split-second recognition? Was Troy Donahue really the kind of icon Marilyn Monroe was? One panics in front of one of Warhol's iterated portraits of a man nobody knows, thinking one should know him when he was in fact selected for his anonymity. And how many, really, recognize Ethel Scull on sight? I think eventually people competed to be portrayed by Warhol because that appeared to give them an instant immortality, of the sort usually enjoyed only by the greatest of stars or the most celebrated products, as if they were also part of the common consciousness of the time.

The work from the 1980s is less complex from this point of view. It really does become, more or less, just art, connected to the culture only through being done by Warhol, who had by then become as much an icon or superstar as anyone he ever portrayed. When his *Last Supper* was displayed in Milan, in a kind of citywide two-man show with Leonardo, 30,000 people flocked to see it, hardly any of whom went on to see the "other" *Last Supper*. Perhaps, then, these late works can be viewed, even now, merely as art. But Warhol's greatest works come from the time when the boundaries between art and life were being exploded, everything was being redrawn and we were all living in history instead of looking backward at what had been history. The late work escapes me, but here is a prediction: When the final multivolume *Popular History of Art* is published, ours will be the Age of Warhol—an unlikely giant, but a giant nonetheless. □

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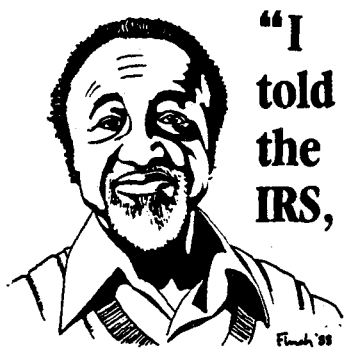

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THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Shirley Valentine
Hizzoner!
Cantorial
Songs of Paradise
Love's Labor's Lost

Going to a Broadway play in recent years, especially if one uses public transportation, has become one of those experiences, like sky diving or downhill skiing, by which a person can take the measure of his or her fortitude and derring-do. Times Square's long slide into sleaziness has now progressed to that point where the City Fathers have decided no remedy is possible but to pull the whole thing down and turn it into malls, the first of which is now going up at Broadway and 45th Street. According to *The New York Times*, its six levels of shops, restaurants and cinemas are to contain "no official public space" so that "the operators would be able to exercise considerable control over how, when and by whom the mall is used." Perhaps when enough such privatized mall areas are built it will be possible to go directly from mall to theater to parking fortress by tunnel and skywalk without ever venturing out into the mean streets. I think it likelier, however, that long before that Brave New Times Square is in position, the Broadway theater will have shriveled to some five or six state-sponsored fossil venues, a Theater World sufficient for the needs of tourists. Just this month the Mark Hellinger Theater, where *Legs Diamond* died its dishonorable death, has been converted to a fundamentalist tabernacle. And the Hellinger can count itself lucky: Most theaters don't get reborn, they stand empty.

Given these conditions, what are angels to do? Bankrolling shows was a risky proposition at the best of times. But now only those whom Apollo has maddened, like Peter Allen (and those who own the theaters and are forbidden by law to tear them down), will underwrite a crapshoot on Broadway. Writers, too, are likely to invest the capital of creative imagination elsewhere. With all these converging forces at work, audiences are staying home, safe beside their TVs and VCRs—and having a livelier time than they would at either the Longacre or Booth Theatres, watching, respectively, *Shirley Valentine*, a one-woman show starring Pauline Collins, or *Hizzoner!*, two long acts of Tony Lo Bianco doing an impersonation of Fiorello La Guardia.

Lively it's not, but *Shirley Valentine* will probably be a success. No orphaned puppy ever tried harder to please. Its nononsense, heat-and-eat plot concerns a middle-aged Liverpudlian Mom who revives her stale marriage to a standard-issue M.C.P. by taking off alone to the Greek Isles, having a fling with one of the locals and threatening not to return. The same premise—Mom shows hubby who's boss—has done duty for a hundred sitcoms down through the ages, but some half-truths are eternal, and as long as Moms feel a need for such mythic uplift, Dads will buy tickets and enjoy the show every bit as much as their wives. (Because one of the subtexts of the myth is that Dads are human, too.)

My problem with *Shirley Valentine* is not so much its homely premise but its tempo (the minimal plot has to be doled out very slowly to last a full evening) and the transparency of its subtext. Each joke seems to translate instantly into its own underlying assumption: "Men only want one thing," or "Daughters are so self-centered." "Marriage," Shirley quips at one point, "is like the Middle East." She pauses, then convulses the theater with her punch line: "There's no solution." Authorship might seem an odd idea in this context, but all things written have an author, even *Pat the Bunny*—even *Shirley Valentine*—and the author in this case is Willy Russell. Give him a hug!

Willy Russell at least knows who his target audience is. I cannot say as much for Paul Shyre, who wrote *Hizzoner!* It takes the traditional form of an animated waxworks exhibit, in which a Historical Personage delivers a verbal autobiography while exhibiting totemic objects emblematic of his or her achievement. Shyre has made similar effigies of Sean O'Casey, Walt Whitman and H.L. Mencken. This time it's Fiorello La Guardia who gets embalmed. Politicians are tougher subjects than writers, since the words they've left behind tend to be bombastic or goody-goody or mendacious. La Guardia comes across as a pro in all three categories.

Actor Tony Lo Bianco exerts himself with such desperate energy to pump life into the inert text (Rising action? Descending action? Forget it!) that a slip had been introduced into the program, which I quote in its entirety: "Due to an injury sustained during a performance of *Hizzoner!*, Mr. Lo Bianco will be performing in a cast. Thank you." Lo Bianco's impersonation of La Guardia was never less than spellbinding. If you can imagine Jimmy Durante doing a very good imitation of Olivier's *Richard III*, you can begin to conceive the effect, an impression furthered by the cast on his leg. "Thank you"? Try "Excuse me."

Who, I kept wondering, could the producers ever have supposed would enjoy *Hizzoner!*? Only those old enough to be passionately nostalgic for the vanished political verities of the La Guardia mayoralty could possibly forgive the *longueurs* of the script for the pleasure of the séance. You'd have to be at least 60, probably 70, with a mind formed exclusively by tabloid headlines, to feel actual enjoyment. No, this was never meant to entertain but to instruct. Indeed, the program admits as much in citing the original producer, the Empire State Institute for the Performing Arts, in Albany. This is art designed by bureaucrats for a captive audience of schoolchildren who are to be spoon-fed sanitized, have-a-nice-day history lessons, and it would never have come to Broadway if Broadway weren't simply standing empty. Nature abhors a vacuum and so do the people who own theaters; there is still a flow of tourists coming into the city, and *all* of them can't get into *Me and My Girl*. *Hizzoner!* may not be much fun, but it's unquestionably innocuous enough for that part of the audience that is shipped here in buses from retirement colonies.

This leads to the question all angels must ask themselves: Who *does* go to Broadway plays (or would, if there were some)? Is it, as *Shirley Valentine* implies, Moms and Dads who are looking for something meatier than *Leave It to Beaver*? Or hypothetical Grandmoms and Granddads wanting to view dioramas of their Good Old Days peopled with the stars of their youth waltzing (slowly) in designer gowns? These are surely two of the major target audiences.

There are also ethnic target audiences. Some of the best musicals of recent vintage have had all-black casts that have drawn large black audiences. Jews also constitute a self-evident demographic truth. In this season alone, three plays of strong Jewish appeal have made the move to Broadway (or near it). *Chu Chem* (which I have yet to see) is billed as "the first Chinese-Jewish musical," and is moving from the Jewish Repertory to the Ritz Theater. *Cafe Crown*, a bustling senti-

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mental comedy about the last days of Yiddish theater, has traveled from Papp's Public Theater to the Brooks Atkinson. And Ira Levin's *Cantorial*, originated by the Jewish Repertory Theater, has transferred to the Lamb's Theatre on West 44th, which, though one of the handsomest theaters in town, is officially accounted "Off Broadway" because of its limited seating capacity.

The transfer of *Cafe Crown* is scarcely surprising. With a large star-studded cast, a set that gets its own round of applause and an established record as a crowd-pleaser (it dates from 1942), the only wonder is that it required such a nest as the Public Theater to hatch in. I'd have thought *Cantorial* would command a similar demographic appeal, and I can't imagine why it wound up at the tiny Lamb's Theatre, unless it was thought that Ira Levin, whose previous hits for film and stage include *Rosemary's Baby* and *Deathtrap*, has mellowed into a kinder, gentler, but (alas) less marketable commodity. He's undoubtedly still a pro, with a pro's knowledge of all our buttons and how to push them, but though *Cantorial* is a ghost story, it is as wholesome—and unscary—as broccoli.

The plot is simple. Yuppie lovers (played by Anthony Fusco and Lesly Kahn) are cohabiting in a renovated synagogue on the Lower East Side. The ghost of the synagogue's former cantor begins to sing at odd moments, and the boyfriend (a goy) intuits that what the ghost wants is for the synagogue to be restored, which he undertakes, ever more obsessively, to do, to the distress of his Jewish cohabitee and with the help of the wise old owner of the corner deli, played to a scene-stealing fare-thee-well by Broadway veteran Woody Romoff. The gradual transformation of cinderboard loftspace into synagogue during the second act is done with architectural verisimilitude, for which credit goes to Atkin Pace. Charles Maryan directed and so deserves a slice of everyone's credit, and of the blame for the one out-of-kilter element: The voice of Paul Zim, as the cantorial ghost, always sounds more like a recording than a disembodied spirit, an unnecessary impediment to the suspension of disbelief.

Songs of Paradise at the Public Theater is aimed even more particularly at Jewish audiences, as it takes the form of a *Purimspiel*, a Yiddish equivalent of the medieval mystery plays. With a cast of five, draperies for a set and props and costumes of unpretending chintziness, *Songs* has nothing to fall back on (at least for those unable to appreciate the Yiddish verse of Itsik Manger, which is the source of the lyrics) except the lilt of Rosalie Gerut's musical settings. While she does come up with a couple of songs that bear close attention, particularly the double lullaby sung by Hagar and Sarah at the end of Act I, most of the music is formulaic. The effect, for one lacking a command of Yiddish, is rather like that of watching a pageant of Mother Goose songs—cute for a while, but increasingly tiresome.

Songs of Paradise represents the first venture of the Joseph Papp Yiddish Theater, and it tends to confirm the melancholy premise of the Public's earlier tribute to Yiddish theater, *Cafe Crown*: that it is beyond resuscitation. A flier inside the program defines the problem succinctly: "Don't complain you don't understand YIDDISH! Here's your chance to learn Mameloshn. Classes in Yiddish are being organized at The YIVO Institute for Jewish Research" (an associate producer of the play). Surely there are easier ways to have fun.

There was a time—when the Yiddish theater was in bloom, as a matter of fact—when the essence of ethnic themes in theater was primarily one of assimilation and integration. It was the age of the immigrant, of *The Melting Pot*—not just the concept but the play by Israel Zangwill that gave us that phrase. If Joseph Papp would like to revive a work of Jewish-American theater that will do more than evoke fond memories of the delis of yesteryear, he could do worse than to mount *The Melting Pot*, which celebrates the romance of a Lower East Side Jewish composer (a diamond in the rough) and a Russian shiksa and political refugee; their union is solemnized at the final curtain by the hymeneal torch of the Statue of Liberty, which glows to the strains of "My Country, 'tis of Thee." Zangwill's thesis, no less provocative now than in 1908 when it was first performed, is that America's destiny is to provide a place for all races to interbreed and fuse into a new, American people. The play has not been without its lineal descendants, from *Abie's Irish Rose* to *West Side Story* and even, in its way, *Cantorial*, but I wonder if the essential reason Ira Levin's play hasn't made it all the way to Broadway is that an assimilationist moral (especially when it's the goy who's assimilated) represents an area where angels fear to tread.

I hope (maugre these misgivings) the

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There is no better illustration of that moral than Shakespeare's own work, and the Public Theater (bless it) has once again mounted an inspired production of one of his comedies. *Love's Labor's Lost* is the seventh play in the Public's projected six-year-marathon, the fourth I've seen, and it vies with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as my favorite. The hero of the occasion is undoubtedly the director, Gerald Freedman, who has been responsible for many of the New York Shakespeare Festival's most notable productions, from *Hair* in 1967 to last summer's *Much Ado About Nothing* in Central Park. He's done it again. I can't imagine a more felicitous staging of this play, which might well be accounted one of the Bard's "problem plays," though the problem in this case is how to bring off its labored lampoons on Lyly's Euphuism, a vein of poetic excess known to us now primarily because of Shakespeare's burlesque.

Freedman solves the problem by eliciting performances of quirky charm from his entire cast. Richard Libertini as the fantastical, posturing Spanish buffoon Armado is monstrously silly, while 13-year-old P.J. Ochlan as his page Moth delivers some of Shakespeare's most densely conceited verses as naturally as D.J. Jazzy Jeff raps. Joseph Costa makes the pedantic schoolmaster Holofernes as memorable—and finally as pathetic—a character as Malvolio. His ingenuous "This is a gift that I have" and his crestfallen reproach, "This is not generous, not gentle, not humble," seem, fleetingly, as pregnant as any utterance of Lear's.

The decorous elements of the comedy, especially William Converse-Roberts as Berowne and Roma Downey as Rosaline, were no less vivid. When the King of Navarre and his attendant lords, disguised as Boyars, appear to court the Princess and her ladies, they perform a goofy but thoroughly athletic cossack dance (choreographed by Tina Paul) that is the perfect antidote to the superflux of sonnets, quips and quibbles in the preceding act—just as Shakespeare must have intended. The set by John Ezell deserves the permanence of architecture. James Scott's costumes (in the style of Belgravia circa 1920) are surely more expressive (to eyes in 1989) of the pretensions of *jeunesse dorée* than doublets or farthingales could be. I haven't one nit to pick, and I doubt I'll ever see *Love's Labor's Lost* done any better than this. □

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Florence Grossman

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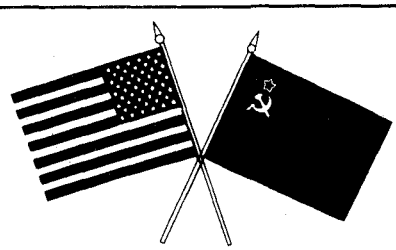

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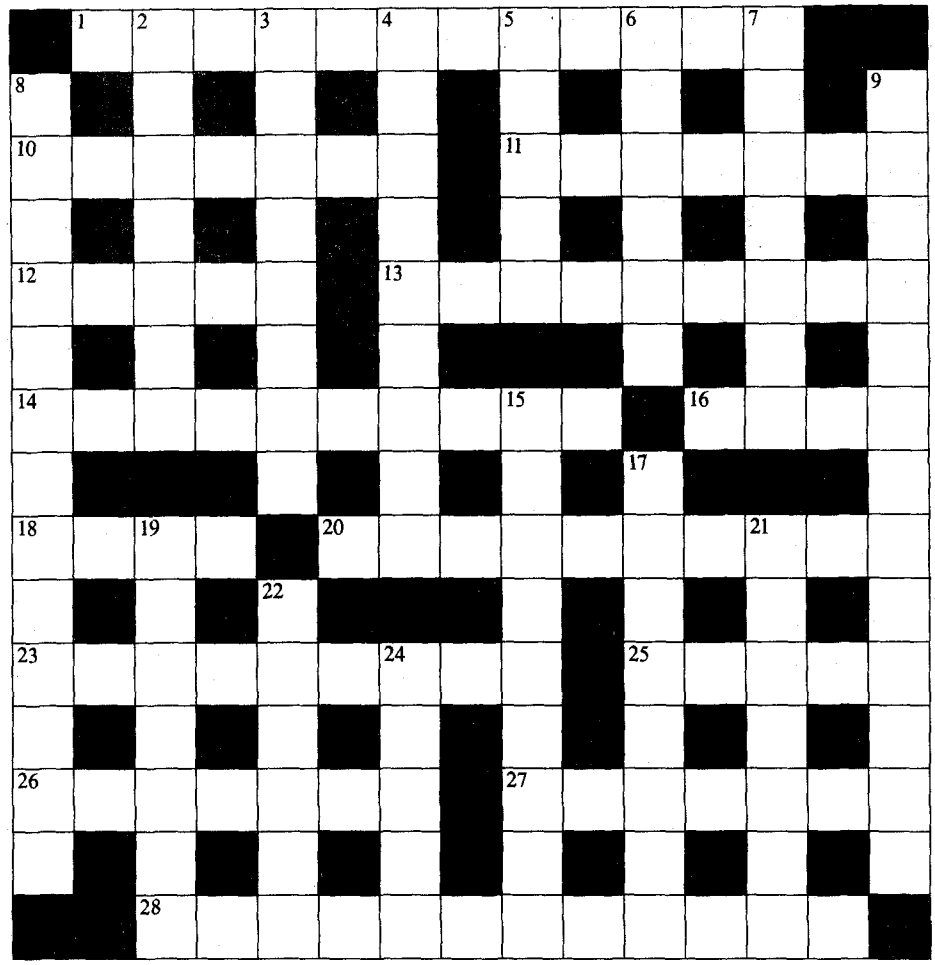
Y	■	A	■	H	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	I	■	T
F	U	R	N	I	S	H	■	C	O	R	O	L	L	A
I	■	D	■	M	■	A	■	K	■	K	■	I	■	T
T	R	A	M	■	E	V	E	R	Y	W	H	E	R	E
S	■	G	■	G	■	R	■	O	■	R	■	S	■	D
A	W	E	S	O	M	E	■	W	H	I	S	T	L	E
N	■	■	■	B	■	■	■	■	■	G	■	■	■	P
D	E	S	C	E	N	T	■	O	P	H	E	L	I	A
S	■	H	■	T	■	H	■	N	■	T	■	A	■	R
T	H	R	O	W	S	O	V	E	R	■	S	C	A	T
A	■	I	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	E	■	T	■	M
R	I	V	I	E	R	E	■	E	X	P	I	A	T	E
T	■	E	■	N	■	A	■	L	■	I	■	T	■	N
S	E	L	F	■	S	U	F	F	I	C	I	E	N	T

Crossword Puzzle No. 2236

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 One can get a rise out of this, but to a degree a ruler gets what one might take in a hurry. (6,6)
10 It could be the worker to carry what looks like an aardvark. (3,4)
11 and 4 down Red-head? (7,9)
12 State the responsibility of Mario! (5)
13 Do they get paid regularly in auntie's establishment? (9)
14 Sends on the receipts—even if they don't go over the water. (10)
16 "Turnpike" might describe it, if you take military cover. (4)
18 The Walrus and the Carpenter had to give a hand to this. (4)
20 What the "spy in the sky" is supposed to be doing? Or one like Simon Legree? (10)
23 Getting along socially? That's where a butterfly might help! (2,3,4)
25 Ishmael's mother, with a garland to show her off. (5)
26 Everything in a wild ride describes one who fools around! (7)
27 Early lutanist and composer of "The Wise Old Owl and Me." (7)
28 Where we sent mail to GI's, to add to the dental trouble caused by drug handlers. (12)

DOWN

2 A female singer on a get-together in Pennsylvania. (7)
3 Igloo? (3,5)
4 See 11 across
5 The founder of a Turkish dynasty—one of Morocco's many. (5)
6 Sounds like Little Richard more than once found a little antelope! (3-3)
7 Part of the area Liz established, as one might find out. (7)
8 When amateur ornithologists do, it's because one is spotted, according to a signal from the camera operator. (5,3,5)
9 Somewhat dated description for one of "two on the aisle." (8,5)
15 Unnaturally rapid, came to help in an emergency, perhaps. (9)
17 This location in Pakistan is in bad shape, with the fighting going on! (8)
19 Tom on one of the Swiss hills, with a tree here. (7)
21 One wouldn't thank you for showing where to start the fire! (7)
22 In Rome, perhaps, or in Spain you might have found such a sheep originally. (6)
24 The merit of a wild throw? (5)

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